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SIR!
MAGAZINE FOR MALES

August 25¢



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SIR!

A MAGAZINE
FOR MALES

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J. M. K., Columbus, Ohio

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Dear SIR!

FOX BOY ON WOLF BOY

Dear SIR!

Your article by John Chase, "Weird Facts About India's Wolf Boy" (July), impressed me immensely. The relationship between animals and humans has always been a mysterious one, and the reasons why some particular beasts will devour lost children while others of the same species will care for them has never been explained.

Just before the first World War, when I was five, I had been living with my mother and father in the desolate forests of Canada's British Columbia, where my father had hoped to set himself up either as a farmer or fur trapper.

During the first six months of our stay there, my mother died. A year later, my father was killed in a landslide. I had been taken in by some neighbors who were planning to care for me until my grandfather arrived from New Haven, Conn. to take me back East.

One day, while playing, I had strayed too far into the forest and became lost. It was summer, luckily, else I would surely have died of exposure. I remember wandering, frantic and weak, for what seemed like months. Actually, I had been lost for only a few days, but being such a small child, I was unable to get any food and was on the verge of starvation.

I remember falling asleep one night and awakening the following morning, looking up into the face of a large red fox. Besides her were three cubs. I don't remember what I felt at the moment—it happened so long ago—but I do recall playing with the cubs and sharing the food their mother would bring to them.

This must have gone on for some time—maybe four or six weeks—but during that period, I managed to stay alive because of this red fox and her cubs.

Eventually, I was discovered by members of the Royal Mounted Police, who returned me to my foster parents. Three weeks later my grandfather arrived and took me back to New Haven, where I was to grow up.

I had always believed that my experience with the fox had been a miracle, until I read your article on the wolf boy. Then I was able

to realize that there is a mysterious bond between man and beast.
George M. Glennon
Boston, Mass.

ADAM AND AVA

Dear SIR!

When Adam ate the forbidden apple, he was ejected from the Garden of Eden. In your article "Is Ava Gardner Too Much Woman?" (July) you described the marital difficulties between Ava and her current spouse, Frank Sinatra.

I don't like to sound prudish, but I think the Bible will explain all the difficulties you have described.

Mrs. Jennie Tallaferra
East Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen:

... It is my theory that glamorous girls do not mix well with glamour boys, that is, I don't think one household can be big enough for two stars. It was all right when Sinatra was just a crooner, chased from Maine to California by bobby soxers, but when he became an actor—and a great one—it was just too much for Ava.

B. Clayton Wilson
Dallas, Texas

Gentlemen:

... How can you call anybody too much woman? The trouble with girls in the United States is that they are not woman enough. Ava Gardner has always been my favorite movie actress, and I resent the slurs you've made on her fair name.

Milton Chessman
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I've read a lot of gossip items about lovely Ava Gardner... and I want to say that your article on her was just about the fairest treatment of this beauty I have ever seen. It was also extremely entertaining.

Max Winograd
Los Angeles, Calif.

RADIO MOON

Dear SIR!

Your piece, "Is the Moon Broadcasting to Us?" (July) is one of the most preposterous ideas I've seen in a long time. Your writer,

Robert Bond says, "It may be that the Lunarians—or inhabitants of some far-distant world who use the Moon as an outpost—have been broadcasting radio signals for many years, perhaps for centuries. The reason we have not detected them sooner is simple; we lacked the receiving apparatus until very recently."

It is a well-known fact that the Moon's atmosphere is so slight that the satellite is thereby rendered uninhabitable. Even were the advanced peoples from "some far-distant world" to set up artificial environment on this dead planet, there is no reason to suppose that they would base themselves on the least desirable spot in the solar system.

Lewis D. Mencken
Indianapolis, Indiana

Dear SIR!

... Actually, it seems more likely to me that if the U.S. Army has succeeded in bouncing radar off the Moon and back to Earth, it is most likely that creatures from some other planet are doing likewise—except that many of their radio waves are being angled off the Moon in the direction of Earth.

Robert Manton
Wheeling, W. Va.

Gentlemen:

... Is it not conceivable that what we receive here as radio signals are in fact electro-magnetic waves of non-human or natural origin? After all, the so-called signals that we have detected from the Moon and from other sections of space, are not emitted with any particular periodicity that might have rational or man-made basis.

T. V. Lynch
Pierre, S. D.

CHEATING WIVES

Dear SIR!

According to you ("Why Women Betray Their Husbands," July), infidelity is on the upsurge. You attribute this primarily to the new-gained freedom enjoyed by women. What are you advocating? That women lose their suffrage again? That they be taken out of offices and be put back into the hot grimy

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Dear SIR!

(Continued from page 61)

kitchen? I think that SIR! has always been anti-women.

Sally Branham
Spokane, Wash.

(Editor's note: Writer Lowell Durant concludes with, "As extramarital affairs increase, they introduce a cancerous attitude of cynicism into the relationship between men and women. When faith and trust disappear from families, society is in serious danger.")

Gentlemen:

... You mention that educational background has very little to do with the reasons why wives betray their husbands. It seems to me that this is false. Better educated women are more apt to be unfaithful if only because they may be quicker to spot the trouble between themselves and their husbands. Also, it seems that they feel they have more freedom to lead "civilized" or "sophisticated" lives.

Henry Chugg
Butte, Montana

Gentlemen:

... There has been a movement afoot to encourage both men and women to practise "varietism" in the name of "mental health." This is one of the most pernicious elements in our society, for it has done more to undermine the family system in the United States than anything else.

Cynical, atheistic, and intellectual, these varietists believe that no man or woman can remain happy and faithful in a permanent relationship. They believe that the family system is archaic and barbaric. They believe that love is essentially an act of receiving, rather than giving, and as a result, they persist in making the standards for adults the same as those for children.

Infidelity, I believe, results only from neurotic, infantile behavior of pathetic couples. In fact, you might trace most of our social evils to childish human behavior.

DeWitt MacDougald
St. Louis, Mo.

FIRE OVER SMOKERS

Dear SIR!

According to your article, "The Disgrace of Stag Smokers" (July), stag smokers are prevalent throughout the entire United States. . . It is disgusting to me to think that American males are still partaking of this scandalous exploitation of females, a half-zone between prostitution and burlesque. SIR! deserves a hand for exposing this nefarious activity.

Mrs. William D. Rowan
Baltimore, Md.

Gentlemen:

... You make a rather erroneous observation when you assert that stag smokers are usually presented by trade and business men's groups. Actually, this is far from the case.

American laborers and business men are, like myself, curious enough about the female form, but we would hardly hold stag smokers under the auspices of any of our organizations.

Invariably, stag smokers are organized and presented by "operators" who use some phony name as sponsor of the show. A hall is rented, and the audience is gathered (usually through word of mouth) from all walks of life. What I resent is writer William Hoch's imputation of immorality to the American business man as a group.

Theodore C. Kessac
Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen:

... The fact that American GI's are sponsoring stag smokers out of PX funds is scandalous!

Hiram Craig
Dayton, Ohio

ONE FOR THE MONEY

Dear SIR!

I have been following your racing writer Bob McKnight for several months now. His "Playing the Smart Money" (July) is one of the best pieces I've read. If you watch the mutual odds on any given horse drop from 15-1 to 7-1 right before

the race, you know the smart money has been going on that horse's nose in a hurry. The reason is simple. All over the country, the syndicate keeps tabs on the inside facts of racing. The tremendous drop of price on a horse is often due to the fact that the runners for the top bookies have been ordered to lay off some of the big money that has been bet on that horse.

It all goes to prove the fact that if you want to win at racing, you just have to go to the track!

L. H. Murdock
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

... Can't say that I agree with McKnight. He seems to feel that price fluctuations indicate the flow of smart money. . . I knew some bookies in Chicago, who had a habit of spreading the word around on a nag they knew couldn't make it. A bundle would come in on the nag's nose after they had to lay off on him at the track. (After all, the boss wasn't ready for the glue factory, yet.) Another bookie would send touts out to the track to try to get the odds down on a number of horses. ("Listen, I got a hot tip.") Nope, I don't go along all the way with McKnight.

John M. Kahagan
Chicago, Ill.

STRONG WOMEN CRAZE

Dear SIR!

In "The Strange Desire for Strong Women" (July), your writer, Dr. A. Smith-Henderson is merely picking on a segment of our population to prove his point. Dr. Smith-Henderson would have us believe that we are becoming a nation of maniacs and imbeciles. I have always been shocked at women who wear men's clothes, who try to compete with men at work and in sports. Give me the type of gal like Ava Gardner whom you've also written about in the same issue.

R. F. Armstrong
Salt Lake City, Utah

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ARE INTERNATIONAL PLAYBOYS REAL MEN?

By TED COYNE



"Don't call me Mrs. Rubirosa," asks Babs Hutton after saying farewell to fifth husband, right. Says Rubi: Their tastes differed.

ARE international society wolves emotionally unbalanced?

Do the foreign lounge lizards who snuffle after American girls for their millions have serious personality defects that make them unlike real men?

"Yes" to both questions says Professor Antal Bacsay, the famous Hungarian psychiatrist.

Bacsay, chief of the behavior clinic at Budapest's Lipotmezo Hospital, one of Europe's great lunatic asylums, bases his affirmative answers on his long study of a dozen European and Latin American "playboys" who succeeded in marrying American women of great wealth.



Shorn of their headlines, society's top wolves get looked over by a world-famous psychiatrist. What he finds out would cause even the presses to burn!

Before wedding to La Hutton, Rubi's pals threw shindig for him. With Rubi is best man, Jean Pierre Wimille, French auto racer.

In a recent study, the professor considers, among others, three of Barbara Hutton's five husbands: "Prince" Alexis Mdivani, "Prince" Igor Troubetzkoy and dusky Porfirio Rubirosa, the banana republics' gift to the boudoirs of the rich.

"First of all," says Bacsay, "there is something fundamentally wrong with a person who calls himself 'prince' or 'count' or 'baron' in a democratic country. It is an obvious effort to overcome a feeling of inferiority, to compensate for the fact that the subject feels himself unable to compete on even terms with real, masculine men."

In Rubirosa's case, the professor finds that his title of Dominican Ambassador to France fulfills the same pressing need to bolster the ego.

While lamenting the fact that there are still some American helresses, notably Babs Hutton and Doris Duke, who fall prey to these money-hungry playboys, Bacsay finds today that there are fewer cases than

there were half a century ago—probably because income and inheritance taxes leave fewer prospective victims for the light-footed wolves.

The Hungarian scientist devotes 12 pages of his study to "Prince" Mdivani, Miss Hutton's first husband.

Proving conclusively that Mdivani's title was a complete phony, a bad translation of a courtesy title given to anyone in Russian Georgia who owned more than six goats, Bacsay traces the "Prince's" lack of manliness in terms of his pursuit of Barbara and his behavior during their two-year marriage.

"Ironically," says the professor, "Miss Hutton was trapped by this adventurer after her father and stepmother took her to Europe to get away from some very unsavory youths in New York."

Barbara met the dashing Mdivani shortly after she arrived in Paris. That was in 1932. The little man had nothing to his name except for a burning ambi-

tion to make money the easy way—by marrying it.

The fact that he already had a wife didn't faze the phony Georgian prince. He had already grabbed an American, Louise Van Alen, an Astor heiress, but he fawned and slobbered over Barbara the minute he saw her—because she was several times richer than the former Miss Van Alen.

Barbara, like Louise, was a very spoiled young lady, with too much money and too little experience. Alexis wasn't a bad looking guy, if you like the greasy-haired type, and neither girl was worldly enough to know the difference between a bogus prince and a real man.

But Barbara's papa, Franklyn L. Hutton, had been around plenty, and he tried to warn her as had Mrs. James Van Alen with Louise. In neither case did the poor little rich girls heed the advice of their parents.

In Barbara's case, she might have learned something about the peculiarities of the Mdivani family by consulting Alexis' sisters-in-law, both of whom were seeking desperately to rid themselves of their light-footed husbands at that very moment.

Mae Murray of the films had unsuspectingly wed David Mdivani, while opera singer Mary McCormic



When Barbara married Rubi, she assured the world that "this was it." She even changed citizenship.



Barbara's papa, Franklyn L. Hutton, tried in vain to warn her against marrying parasitic playboys.

had been victimized by Serge, who had also taken in movie star Pola Negri a few years earlier.

Professor Bacsay finds highly significant the fact that Alexis asked Barbara for a string of polo ponies as a wedding present. He points out that Rubirosa, too, has made a public point of his polo activities as have other members of the peculiar international set.

"Polo is a violent sport," says the Hungarian selenitist. "It is regarded as the sort of thing he-men play. Therefore, many of the effeminate society wolves play it, or pretend to play it, as a disguise for their true natures. People tend to believe that a man who has a string of polo ponies must be a real man. Nothing could be further from the truth, as psychiatrists well know."

In addition to the horses, Alexis Mdivani's other request to Barbara was for a Venetian gondola with bright red cushions. The barge, poled by an Italian boatman in pink trousers, became a familiar sight to residents of Venice while "Prince" Mdivani and his boy friends disported themselves through the city's canals.

The exotic playboy was divorced by Barbara within two years—the time it took her to wake up to what she had married. But, in that time, she had gifted Alexis to the tune of nearly \$3,000,000—a fortune which he left to his ambidexterous brothers when he was killed in an auto accident shortly after Miss Hutton walked out of his life.

Apparently wise to the ways of the international playboy, Barbara took genuine masculine men for her



Older and perhaps a bit wiser, Babs sits, a tragic victim of her wealth. She has no plans for future.

next two husbands, and by one of them, Count Reventlow, a Dane whose title is real, she had a son—the only child any of her five husbands has been able to produce.

If La Hutton was wised up, she didn't remain this way too long. Obviously forgetful of her first experience with the bogus "Prince" Mdivani, descendent of a long line of Georgian goatherds, Babs married "Prince" Igor Troubetzkoy, an international fortune hunter in the front rank.

The Troubetzkoy title, unlike Mdivani's, had once been real, but it ceased to have meaning by the time Igor was tossing it around and wearing the family crest on his underdrawers. First of all, Igor's family had quit Russia in 1907 for the U.S. and France, and, secondly, all titles ceased to have any meaning in Russia after 1917 when the Bolsheviks rubbed out Czar Nicholas and his family and abolished the royal government. In any case, "Prince" Igor was born in France and legally is plain "Monsieur" Troubetzkoy.

The Troubetzkoy's, like the Mdivanis, have made a career of chasing and marrying rich Americans. "Prince" Youka, the brother of Igor, was wed five years ago to spark plug heiress Marcia Stranahan Idris. Youka was born in the U.S.

Igor Troubetzkoy never had much to do with women before he talked Barbara into going through a wedding ceremony with him. He did not play polo, as did Mdivani and Rubirosa, but he rode a bicycle most strenuously.

(Continued on page 80)



Doris Duke, world's richest gal, was also taken in by Rubirosa, when she became playboy's third wife.

PECULIAR EFFECTS OF THE H-BOMB ON SUNSPOTS

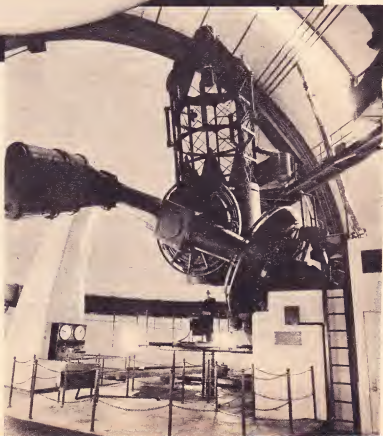
After H-bomb explosions, sunspot changes, top, were noted in telescopes like one shown below.

By A. SMITH-HENDERSON, Ph.D., D.Sc.

JUST recently, the most spine-chilling results of the devastating hydrogen bomb was discovered by astronomers. The power of this weapon is so great that it has affected not only our planet and its atmosphere, but also the moon and other planets of the solar system. *Yet, most terrifying is the fact that it has caused changes in the sun.*

Scientists have discovered that the cyclical configurations of sunspots have been abruptly and drastically altered, and this is no mean phenomenon, because experts have, for a number of years, succeeded in using these strange signs as a means of foretelling world events.

That the H-bomb is the cause of these changes, there can be little doubt, for after each explosion,



**This new horror weapon
is actually able to destroy
the entire universe now!**

astronomers could detect in their telescopes a corresponding alteration in the sunspots.

What does this all mean?

The supernatural plays no part in the forecasts of scientists. They base their predictions upon long study of sunspots, a recurring phenomena which have, time and again, been convincingly linked to widespread earthly disaster.

The accuracy of these predictions drawn from solar observations is a matter of established record. The first warnings of the approach of the two World Wars; the 1929 Wall Street crash and other equally momentous events were foretold on the basis of the pattern and character of the spots upon the sun.

Sunspots, which in reality are believed to be electro-magnetic storms moving from the sun poles toward the equator, also have been shown to have a direct relationship to revolutions and economic trends. Atmospheric conditions they create have had tremendous influence on the health and temperament of mankind.

Dr. K. Lundmarck, famous Swedish astronomer, is among those who have found planetary evidence of great conflict in 1962.

"We astronomers are the watchdogs of the world," he said. "The study of sunspots at the beginning of the century strongly indicated that a war would break out in 1914. The same happened in 1939."

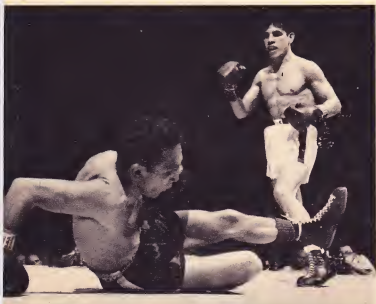
Pointing out that the 1962 sunspots will most likely influence Russia and China, Professor Lundmarck expressed the fervent hope that in the years between now and then man "will have gone so far towards counteracting expertly the effects of sunspots that we shall be able to prevent another great war."

NOW, however, with the recent changes seen in sunspots as the result of the hydrogen bomb explosions, scientists will have to revise their entire calculations.

It is the bombardment of the earth by radiations shot out during
(Continued on page 66)



Until the hell bomb was born, scientists thought of sun as an irresistible force. Now they realize it to be dangerously reactive.



Fight fans are still asking why washed-up Willie Pep (on canvas) was allowed to fight Lulu Perez.

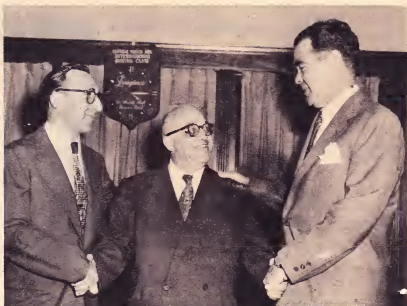
By CLEM BODDINGTON

HOW are ya fixed for smells?

In an interview with an International News Service sports writer, Lou Stillman, the outspoken proprietor of the famous gymnasium that bears his name, expressed irritation over the stench from the current situation in boxing.

"The boxing game is slowly being choked to death and the guy doing the strangling is Jim Norris, head of the International Boxing Club," Stillman snapped. "The fights he is foisting on the public are pure garbage and I'm surprised the TV sponsors let him get away with it."

Regardless of others to be blamed for the mess, the TV sponsor is virtually guiltless. He wants to sell his products, and his agency signs a contract with the TV station that offers a boxing program.



Al Weill, an honest ring manager, poses with IBC bosses, Jim Norris, right, and Harry Markson, left.

The advertising account executive can't be blamed, either. With the exception of Les Malitz, of the Warwick & Legler agency, that handles the Pabst beer account the average huckster knows as much about carding fights as a boxing matchmaker knows about ad agency procedure.

The sponsor wants that boxing program and the ad agency obtains it. What the boxing fan TV viewer gets is just his hard luck.

Incidentally, even a ring-wise account executive such as a Les Malitz is in no position to dictate which fighters are to appear on his sponsor's malt and hops show. Even though it may make the fans write in a spate of angry letters, the sponsor must take the mismatch with the occasional good show.

Speaking of mismatches, there was a time when the boxing writers often were consulted before a bout was arranged. Today, no matter how much a boxing writer may carp about a Sandy Saddler-Bill

WHY BOXING

As long as the mobsters and greedy managers control the ring "sport," sickening mismatches will be the rule

Stinks!

Bossio mismatch or a Willie Pep-Lulu Perez monstrosity, he is ignored.

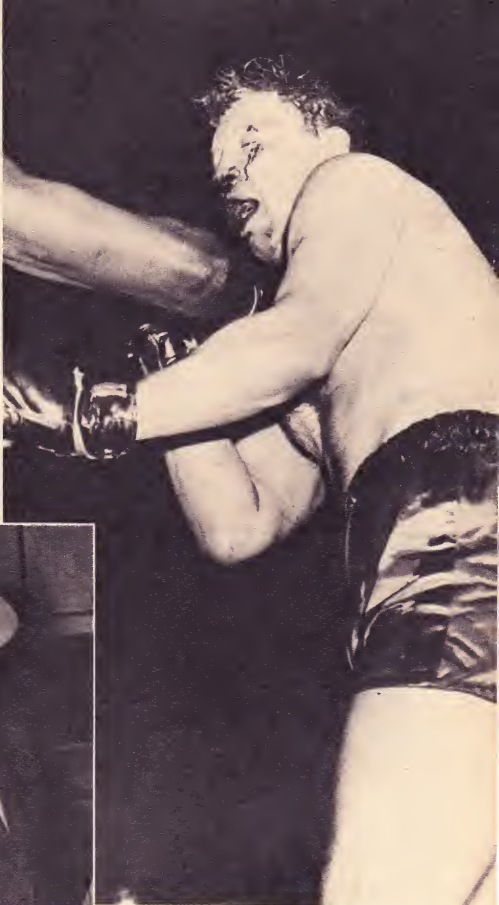
THE Boxing Writers Association is the one articulate organization which speaks for the fan, but the organization is comparable to the Sons of I Will Arise insofar as consultation on impending matches is concerned.

For instance, Willie Pep, a great featherweight champion in his day but just a shell of his former self when he was matched with Lulu Perez, was knocked down three times in the second round of that fiasco. None of the experienced boxing writers, such as Jim Jennings of the N.Y. *Mirror*, wanted Pep re-instated to fight Perez and said so.

Yet, Bob Christenberry, chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, gave the bout his official blessing in reinstating Pep.

After some of the fans had howled "fix" and held their noses following the bout's abrupt end, Mr. Christenberry appeared on a post-
(Continued on page 50.)

Frankie Carbo has been allegedly linked with many famous fighters.



His face cut to shreds, Freddie Beshore takes a hard right during brutal mismatch with Ez Charles.



WEDDING

Gift

All his life Wimpy was weird.
He secretly loved Helen, and
when she married, he gave her
the strangest present of all

By C. L. MEHRMANN



Just as the lead car approached Fifth Avenue, women burst out in screams. I noticed a black object hurtling down from the building.

"STICK around, see a suicide," he said, craning his neck at the upper stories of the Forbes Building. "Stick around and watch him jump out one of those windows." He pointed to the sky.

I shook my head. Wimpy Krug was certainly the odd one, him and his hunched back and small deep-set eyes. He looked like an evil fortune teller, and he talked like one.

"Who'd want to commit suicide on such a nice July day," I said, annoyed at his preoccupation with violence. His handicap made him vindictive, it always seemed to me. The guy just seemed to revel in disaster.

I remember once years ago how he'd come hobbling into the club the night of the big explosion at the gas plant, how gleeful, how jubilant over the whole mess as he told excitedly of people's bodies littered around like dead flies.

I glanced up and down the street impatiently, wonder-

dered what had become of Jack, the best man, late picking me up.

I turned to Wimpy. "Say, come on with us to the wedding and have yourself a good time for a change. The whole gang'll be there. Give up this goofy idea waiting for someone to jump out a window."

"I have a gift for the newlyweds," he said, staring up at the sky.

"So you have a gift. All the more reason for joining us."

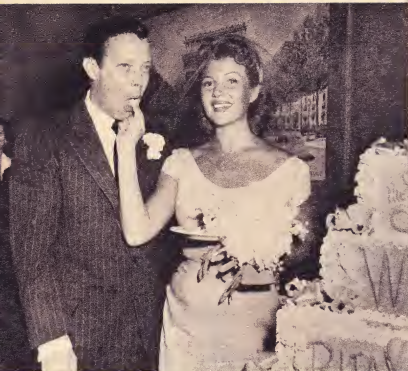
"No, I gotta wait here."

"All right, give me the gift, and I'll deliver it for you," I said.

"I'll deliver it myself—in person," and he turned away, stared up at the sky more interested than ever.

The guy was out of his head. Why waste time on him. I paced back and forth, nervous, doing a slow

(Continued on page 60)



Probably their happiest moment was the day Rita and Dick were married. It's been hell ever since.

Insiders all agree that the cause of Rita's grief is a man. The question is—which man is concealing a secret so painful that he won't forgive her?

By HARRY HALL

WHO is the mysterious Mr. X who has been hounding Rita Hayworth and Dick Haymes?

Is he a one-time lover whom Rita threw over for the Argentine crooner?

Or is he a powerful movie magnate who wants to break up the Hayworth-Haymes marriage so that Rita will go back to picture making in Hollywood?

Certain it is, whatever the motivation, that the mystery man in 12 short months has brought ample tragedy into the lives of the Hollywood lovers.

Rita is reported perilously near a nervous breakdown.

Haymes is afflicted by hypertension because of his many worries and is unable to work.

Bartley Crum, Rita's attorney, stated the "couple are being hound-

Who's been Hounding

Rita





Rita's daughter, Rebecca, leaves court after recent custody fight.

ed by an implacable enemy."

In a year of marriage, the sexy redhead and the crooner have been faced with more troubles than the average couple face in a lifetime.

Haymes has been ordered deported from the U.S., threatened with jail over his financial difficulties, evicted from a rented mansion in Greenwich, Conn.

Rita temporarily lost her two daughters to a New York court on charges of neglect and mistreatment, announced she was completely broke, was threatened with law suits if she should seek to make movies abroad with Dick Haymes.

As if those difficulties weren't enough, Rita has received letters threatening her and her daughter Yasmin with death unless she and the child return to Prince Aly Khan, the girl's father and Rita's third husband.

BEFORE the crooner and the redhead started keeping company, life was comparatively happy for both of them. True, each had been through three previous marriages but that is not considered unusual in Hollywood.

The minute the couple started going steady—when Rita kissed her other boy friends goodbye—things began happening to them.

First, Dick flew from Hollywood to Hawaii to visit Rita who was on



Ex-husband Ali Khan was with Gene Tierney on West Coast when Rita was charged with neglecting children. He flew East to her aid.

location in the Islands. That was in June, 1953.

The moment he returned to California, Haymes was notified he had re-entered the U.S. illegally. It seemed that the crooner was born in Argentina and, although his mother is an American, never changed the Argentine citizenship of his father.

"There is something rotten in this procedure," Rita said immediately. She refused to reveal just what she meant.

But Crum said, "We believe the charges were inspired by a third party hostile to Dick. This interested party brought pressure to bear on the government in Washington."

Pressed by reporters to name the "third party" who was powerful

enough to bring pressure in Washington, Crum refused further statements.

Nine months later, a formal deportation order was issued against the crooner. The government said he had claimed exemption from the draft in World War II as an alien, that he had thereby forfeited all rights to ever be an American citizen. Washington further alleged Dick had failed to register in 1940 as an alien and had not done so until 1944.

Haymes retorted that he had tried three times to enlist in the armed forces, being rejected each time as physically unfit.

The crooner and the "Goddess of Love," as Rita was known in Hollywood, were wed in a three-minute ceremony in Las Vegas, Nevada,

WHO'S BEEN HOUNDING RITA?

on the 24th of September, 1953.

Less than a month later, the sexy actress announced she was financially flat on her back and dependent on Dick for a living. At that time, he was already up to his neck in debts and was embroiled in a money battle with his third mate from whom he had been divorced, movie star Joanne Dru.

"We feel the series of events has followed too close to be coincidental," said Crum.

The brunette Joanne's suit was pushed by Hollywood attorneys to the point where Haymes locked himself in a New York hotel room with Rita until it was promised that he would not be sent to jail.

Shortly after their marriage, Dick and Rita moved East, taking a \$400-a-month mansion, in New York's suburban Greenwich so that they could have Rita's two daughters with them. In addition to Yas-



Rita's ex-father-in-law, the Aga Khan, left, had no complaints when she married Haymes. His concern is for grandchild, Yasmin.



min, 5, there was Rebecca, 9, the offspring of Rita and her second husband, movie actor Orson Welles.

The four hadn't long been settled in the swank Greenwich house than they received an eviction order. Their landlord charged they owed \$635 back rent and he further alleged damage to the interior of the house and its furnishings amounting to \$4,000. Some of Dick's and Rita's possessions were seized by deputy sheriffs.

Trouble followed trouble. No sooner had the Haymeses settled with the landlord, when another blow hit them.

Feeling the need of a rest, Dick and Rita asked Mrs. Dorothy Chambers, the childrens' governess, to care for the kids while the

grownups went on a short holiday to Florida. Mrs. Chambers, an old friend of Haymes' family, took the little girls to her modest, faded brown-and-white frame house in White Plains, N. Y., near the big city, and the lovers, looking forward to a happy vacation, departed for Key West.

THEN the mysterious Mr. X struck again.

It was in a telephone call to The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children at White Plains. The caller said Yasmin and Rebecca were being mistreated and neglected. Even today, the details of the complaint are largely shrouded in mystery. But it was enough to send

(Continued on page 76)



"I didn't want to hurt his feelings. I told him that he could keep sending me presents."

A TTACKED BY A RUSSIAN MIG

The Korean War was over and Captain John Roche was on a routine flight over the neutral Sea of Japan. Yet the Red plane made its sneak assault

By BILL KREH

THE roar of the U.S. Air Force B-50 droned monotonously in the ears of Captain John E. Roche as he lit a cigarette and relaxed in the co-pilot's seat. Next to him, Captain Stanley Keith O'Kelly handled the controls and talked to the navigator over the inter-com.

The big bomber was on a routine navigational training mission high over the Sea of Japan, about 40

miles off the coast of Soviet Russia. It was 6:15 the morning of July 29, 1953.

Roche took a drag on the cigarette and gazed thoughtfully at the broad expanse of water thousands of feet below. The truce had been signed at Panmunjom two days ago. It might mean that he'd be going home soon.

Suddenly, there was a sharp explosion. The bomber shuddered. A silver streak flashed across the nose of the plane and then was gone.

"What in hell happened!" Roche yelled as he grabbed for the controls to help O'Kelly.

"Number one engine's on fire!" the pilot shouted.

"It was a MIG! Dammit, it was a Russian! I saw it!" Roche stared at him in disbelief. They'd been on this trip dozens of times before. They'd never seen a MIG before. Besides, they were over international waters.

"Here comes another one!" someone shouted over the inter-com.

The plane's number four engine exploded and burst



Air Force rescue officers explain to Capt. Roche, center, how planes combed sea to search for him.



Capt. Roche examines a star flare similar to the one he used to help guide his rescuers to him.



Air Force B-50 bomber is type Capt. Roche was piloting when Russian MIG shot him out of the sky.



Man who packed Capt. Roche's parachute gets token of gratitude. Parachute had saved Roche's life.

into flame. Roche swore loudly as a sleek fighter plane swooped in front of the B-50. It was a Russian MIG all right. He could see the markings.

"Prepare to ball out!" O'Kelly shouted into his lip mike, as he hit the extinguisher button for number four engine. The big bomber was losing altitude rapidly.

Roche feathered the blazing engine and looked out at the wing. There was a hole in one propeller about six inches across. He glanced at the instrument panel. They were at 20,000 feet, heading 95 degrees—almost due east. The plane's right wing was a mass of flame.

"This is it!" O'Kelly shouted. The plane was out of control. He pushed the alarm bell, signalling the crew to hit the silk. Suddenly, the flaming right wing showered sparks and broke off.

The bomber veered sharply to the right and pitched violently. With a shout of surprise, Roche was torn loose from his safety belt and hurtled sideways. He smashed against the instrument panel, slumped to the floor, and rolled into the plane's nose.

Bruised and bleeding, he lay there stunned. Gritting his teeth, he tried to grope forward and crawl out. His body was a mass of pain.

"C'mon, Roche! There isn't much time!"

It was O'Kelly shouting at him. Roche managed

(Continued on page 68)

HOW THE ROOSEVELTS TURNED THE WHITE HOUSE INTO A GOLD HOUSE

By SAMUEL BRISBANE

Members of the Roosevelt family picked up more than five million dollars from various sources during FDR's 12 years

SOME folks are born rich, others slave hard all their lives and get wealthy and some are just plain lucky.

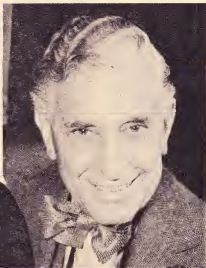
Those were the three time-honored ways of piling up the shekels until an American family discovered a fourth fashion of doing it some years ago.

One of the most astounding get-rich-quick acts of modern times has come to light in Washington. It beats hard work. It's got betting on the horse races stopped cold. Finding buried pirate treasure isn't half so lucrative.

Only a few can pull it off in one century. Twenty-five American families at the very most. Because it takes a husband and father in the White House to make it work.

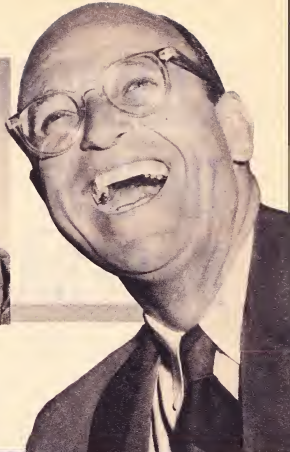
Evidence collected by Treasury agents, working for the House Ways and Means Committee, indicates that members of the family of the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt picked up more than \$5,000,000 from various sources during the dozen years FDR occupied

(Continued on page 74)



T-men are investigating \$200,000 Elliott received from A & P boss John Hartford, top. The loan was subsequently settled for \$4,000.

W. R. Hearst made Anna an editor on one of his West Coast papers.



Bernard Baruch, left, and Marshall Field helped put up money for Anna and John Boettiger's Arizona Times. The paper lost \$400,000.

Success of Mrs. FDR's column is attributed to husband's office. Jimmy, upper right, is said to have profited to tune of 500 G's.



CANADIANS IN U.S. BASEBALL

By JOHN CARDO



Joe Williams, shown catching for old New York Highlanders, was a clever batsman.

In minor leagues, youths from Canada are proving themselves standouts as prospects for the majors

CURRENTLY, the Canadian dollar is worth more than the U.S. dollar, but the States "buck" still looks more attractive to many young Canadian professional baseball players for the simple reason that much of the Canadian playing talent is absorbed by major league farm clubs below the Canadian borderline. Furthermore, a few of the Canuck players eventually make the big league grade, too.

Of course, the number of Canadian players who become major league stars fluctuates from years to year. For example, about four years ago, the Philadelphia A's had two good twirlers in Dick Fowler and Phil Marchildon, both Canadian-born.

This year's crop of Canadian major leaguers is sparse, only three Canucks being listed on big league team rosters. The most promising of the trio is Tom Burgess, born in London, Ont. He had a big year with Rochester in the International League in '53, hitting a hefty .346.

Burgess' progress toward the majors was halted in '48, when he retired to take a job with the Ontario Highways Department and play semi-pro ball in his spare time. Tom, after a brilliant rookie year in the Class B Allentown Club of the Interstate League, moved up to Omaha in the Western League. His batting fell off and he was sent down to Columbus in

Canada-born George Selkirk inherited unenviable job of taking Babe Ruth's place on the Yankees.



Russell Ford almost revolutionized game by introducing emery ball.

the Sally League. Disgusted with his poor play, he retired.

While playing semi-pro ball in London, Ont., between chores for the Ontario Highways Department, Burgess met an attractive young school teacher, Miss Dorrie Bates. She convinced him that he had the ability to make a comeback.

Again assigned to Columbus, he enjoyed a sensational season and last year, was the big gun in the Rochester outfield. His lady friend had married him when he started on his comeback. Tom's heavy hitting resulted in St. Louis Cardinal manager Eddie Stanky retaining him as a utility outfielder.

Bob Hooper, on the Cleveland Indians' roster as a pitcher, was traded to the Indians by the Athletics before the '53 season. He was born in Ontario. Hooper may not stick with Cleveland unless some of the younger pitchers fail to make good.

Bob Prentice, an infielder for Cleveland, played for Tulsa in the Western League last year. He was born in Toronto.

Fred Flemming, an outfielder born in Woodstock, N.B., Canada, was given a trial by the Detroit Tigers earlier this year before he was sent down for further seasoning.

Some of the Canadian rookies may yet see major league service later this year.

For example, Harry Simmons,



Now playing for the Montreal Royals, right hander John Rutherford figures to rejoin the Brooklyn Dodgers' pitching staff soon.

secretary of the International League, was called by long distance phone to Montreal, and he informed SIR! that Johnny Rutherford, now pitching for Montreal in that circuit, pitched for Brooklyn in '52 but was sent back to the Royals for more experience.

Johnny is from Belleville, Ont., and may join the Dodgers in the late September pennant drive. Mr. Simmons also mentioned that Haig Lavery, Toronto-born, is an outfielder for Richmond in the International League.

Incidentally, the Dodgers have under contract Billy Harris, a 22-year-old right-hander from Dorchester, New Brunswick. He pitched

in the Class B Florida State league in 1952.

During that campaign Harris amazed the South with a 25-6 won and lost total while pitching for Miami. His earned run average was an unbelievable 0.83!

Last season, Billy won 18 and lost 16, pitching for West Palm Beach, in the same circuit. He may move into faster company this season.

Bill Slack, a 20-year-old right-hander from Sarnia, Ont., is an oddity among young Canadian pro ball players in that he received a bonus of \$18,000 to sign with the Boston Red Sox organization in the

(Continued on page 53)

The Strange Case of the LIVE GHOST

Living or dead, William Navison was able to make the citizens of Britain fear for their lives and their money



Navison always attempted the unusual in committing his crimes. Even poor were not safe from him.



Being no ordinary highway robber, Navison would often murder his victim just to amuse himself.

By **WALTER CLARK**

SEVENTEENTH century England was as mean, tough, bawdy and sin-congested as any place or era in the history of the world. Assassins, thieves, burglars, cut-throat gangs, prostitutes, con-men and pimps were as common there as men wearing ties are common in North America today.

And yet, with competition in roguery being at an all time high, there was one man who was such a flint hearted, unholy terror that his name still stands out like a light house surrounded by midget fireflies.

William Navison was the man's name. He had more of everything than most men had in those days. He was tall, good looking, well mannered and clever as a quiz kid from the time he was old enough to talk.

The only trouble with Willie was that he loved evil and torture even more than he hated good and kindness. Add to his loves a driving desire for sex, adventure and money.

Add further that he was a show off with a fast line of talk and absolutely no conscience. There you have the man who ended an illustrious career in crime by having the distinction of being his own ghost.

Navison's repugnant characteristics began to show themselves when he was less than ten years old. His



In trying to escape prison by feigning death, Navison was buried alive. Some say he came back. Others contend it was his ghost.

mother and father, a fairly well to do couple, respected in Yorkshire during the 1640's for their kindness and charm, were somewhat disturbed to find that their eight-year-old son's favorite pastime was throwing razor sharp knives at anyone within throwing range.

Before the boy was fifteen he was guilty of several childhood robberies. He stole openly from playmates who were smaller than he.

He looted his parents and neighboring families secretly. Girls of all ages were in constant danger, for he had raped several of them before other boys had even given a casual thought to the opposite sex.

HIS first major theft was the pillaging of his father's strongbox, in which the old man kept all of his savings. Willie was punished for this by both his dad and his schoolmaster.

This made him so angry that he added the schoolmaster's savings and best horse to his loot and galloped off to London under cover of darkness.

On the way to England's capital, he stopped off at Norwich for a meal. The girl who served him at the inn was a buxom wench so he delayed his trip a bit longer in order to seduce her.

She was so overwhelmed by his blonde, wavy hair and sparkling blue eyes that she went on to London with him on a horse that William gallantly stole for her.

Once in London, Willie was afraid that the horses, both excellent mounts, might be recognized, so in the dead of night he slashed both of their throats and left them kicking and bleeding to death in the middle of a deserted street.

Under his tutelage, his young mistress became an excellent pickpocket and successful prostitute. Whenever he felt ambitious, William would go out on the streets and act as procurer for her, but he spent most of his time gambling in a cafe beneath their apartment, where he became an adept cheat with the cardboards.

His mistress soon made enough money to go into a business of her own. She was tired of the life she had been living. Willie was tired of her, too, but he just smiled and told her that whatever she wanted was all right with him.

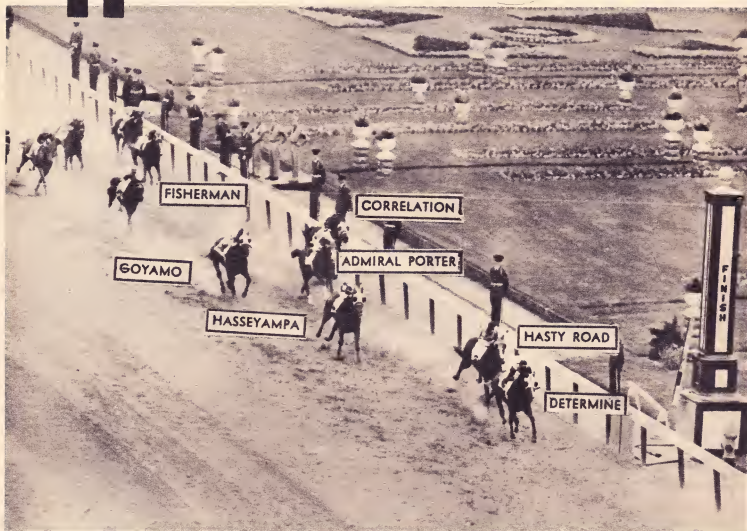
She bought a little bar with their savings and William sat around while she worked her fingers down to the knuckles trying to make a go of the business.

Then one black night when they had finished a tremendous business of several weeks, Navison disappeared, and as you might guess, so did the cash.

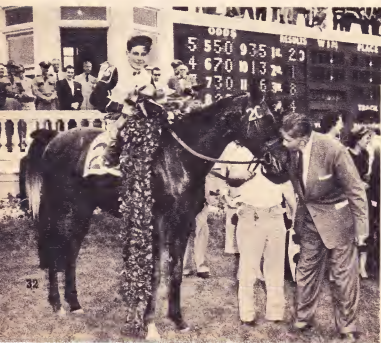
With a good chunk of money in his pockets, and now being well into his teens, the lad decided to take better society. He bought a fine suit of clothes and found a respectable job in a brewery.

(Continued on page 64)

HOW GOOD IS DETERMINE?



Above is the finish of the Kentucky Derby. Left, owner A. J. Crevolin kisses victorious Determine.



By **BOB McKNIGHT**

Until this year, the pint-sized Kentucky Derby winner wouldn't rate a place bet. Yet the fact that he was not hurried in his development is the key to his success

WHEN Determine, a small, gray bundle of dynamite, took down the front money in the 80th run for the roses at Louisville on May 1st, he toppled over one of Turfdom's most deep-seated superstitions—that no gray horse would ever win the Kentucky Derby.

To many this overshadowed the fact that his win earned for his owner, Andy Crevolin, the largest purse in Derby history, \$102,050, for when the great Native Dancer failed to break the gray hoss hex in the 79th running, in 1953, there seemed no further room for argument.

Apparently determined little Determine wasn't told about this hex. In any case it didn't impress him, for he certainly did a businesslike job of getting there "fustest with the mostest."

Not even the skeptics can say there was any luck about his triumph, for the nine hundred pound son of Alibhai and Koubis was bumped in the early running and could easily have used that as an excuse for losing.

So the talk along the shed rows and back stretch cafes of the country is now concerned with just how good is Determine.

Let's horn into the argument.

The time in which he completed the mile and a quarter Derby circuit (two minutes and three seconds) was not particularly impressive when compared with Whirlaway's Derby and track record of 2:01 2/5, which Mr. Long-Tail set up in 1941, but let's not be misled by that.

In the first place, Alibhai, the pint-sized Determine's pappy, and speed are synonymous, and Alibhai has definitely passed his swift-footedness along to his now famous son.

PARADOXICALLY, we're going to look at a race in which Determine was beaten to prove our point. Let's take a look at the Derby Trial in which Hasty Road defeated Determine by a head in a bitterly fought stretch duel.

In this race, Hasty Road set a new track record for the mile distance of 1:35 flat, beating Hill Gail's record of 1:35 2/5, by two jumps. Since Hasty Road got his head across the wire first, he, naturally, got credit on the books for the new record, but let's not lose sight of the fact that Determine ran that mile in 1:35 also, or haven't you ever tried to assign a time differential to a mere head defeat at the wire?

So, when we compare that with the seemingly slower time made



This photo, taken at the finish line, seems to show Determine winning going away. Small gray horse seems to favor long distances.

in the Derby, let's keep in mind the fact that Determine didn't *have* to run any faster than 2:03 to win the Derby, and very convincingly at that. A length and a half win in any race is a pretty safe margin.

ITS' true that Determine's two-year-old record was something less than sensational, though he did win two minor Stakes as a two year old, and \$26,435 in purse money as against Hasty Road's phenomenal two-year-old winnings of \$277,132.

However, Determine had found himself as a three year old, and faced Hasty Road in the Derby

Trial mile with an uninterrupted string of six Stakes victories behind him, including the Santa Anita Derby which isn't exactly a tussle for novices.

Then why didn't he take Hasty Road's measure in the Derby Trial? That's one of the \$64 questions that may never be answered, but let's do a little guessing.

Before the Derby Trial, Owner Andy Crevolin and Trainer Willie Molter let it be known that Determine would definitely start in the run for the roses no matter what he did in the Derby Trial.

On the other hand, there was
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Sensational SIMONE SILVA

WHAT does a girl do when her biggest ambition is to get into the movies? There's learning how to act, modelling, or even waitressing. With blonde, scintillating Simone Silva, who has recently arrived here from Britain, none of these routes can get her to Hollywood fast enough. A beautiful gal with a flair for publicity, Simone simply decided to have some pictures of herself taken. Bob Mitchum helped out, incidentally. Public reaction appeared to be one of shock—but also interest. Yet Simone was right. She got a Hollywood contract!

Simone's not worried about how well she can act. She wanted to prove she has face and figure, too.





After posing with screen star Robert Mitchum for publicity stills in Cannes, France, Simone feels she'll outdo Monroe and Russell.

**SENSATIONAL
SIMONE SILVA**



After Mitchum had posed with Simone, all seemed chilly between the star and his wife. Mrs. Mitchum looked on while pix were snapped and disapproved of stunt.

Only 24 years old, Simone wants to be a movie star more than anything else. Because of ambition, she split with her English husband.



Newspapers tried to make fun of Simone's stunt, but she now has last laugh. She got film contract.



This alluring English actress is also a top-notch dancer. Simone actually has quite a number of European screen credits already.

MAIL ORDER FOR

Witch Doctors



From all over Africa medicine men write to Johannesburg for everything from wild herbs to drums.





All equipment used in treating this ailing boy is factory-made. Hyena tail, worn by doctor at right, was bought at bargain price.

In Darkest Africa, a new Sears-Roebuck touch has lately streamlined the world's most primitive art

By FOSTER BURKE

IN the shadow of the skyscrapers of Johannesburg, Africa's golden city, I was shown through a modern factory devoted entirely to the bottling of lion fat, hippo fat, and some forty other kinds of wild animal fat, all used in the preparation of six hundred different native herbal concoctions.

I was told that this factory had taken the backache out of the witch-doctor's profession, for the news had gone far out into the veldt and jungle, and the witch-doctor now mails orders into Johannesburg for his weird needs, ranging from the hair of a hyena's tail to a section of shark spine.

This magic business has also set up retail stores in Johannesburg to serve the needs of the 300,000 natives who work in the gold mines and who are recruited from distant territories. They bring their own

witch-doctors with them when they come to live in the mine compounds, and on a Saturday afternoon these medicine men go into Johannesburg to do their week-end shopping.

There are two important executives at the factory, one an English analytical chemist who makes sure nothing poisonous is processed, and the other a native witch-doctor who provides the technical advice on native lore in which medicine and magic are so interwoven. The raw materials, the great yellow lumps of lion fat and the lard-like hippo fat, are sent in by hunters and traders from all parts of Africa. These fats are mostly retailed at twenty cents per half-ounce bottle, or thirty-five cents for a double size. Business is booming as travelling salesmen pass on the glad news that you no longer have to kill a lion to get lion fat for your rheumatism.

Most popular line of all is hippo fat, which is used for a wide variety of medicinal and magical purposes.

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Two of Nick's assets in gambling were his lack of expression and intense eyes. He was like a robot.



While the then Wallis Simpson was waiting for the Duke to marry her, Nick was her constant escort.

MODERN MIDAS WITH

Nicholas Zographos, better known as Nick the Greek, made over 25 million dollars playing cards. Was it genius, luck, or was it a supernatural force?

By HOMER SHANNON

WHEN the immensely wealthy little fellow with the disproportionately large head cashed in his chips April, 1953, it was barely noted in the press or on the radio.

That's not easy to understand if you know the story. It concerns the incredible life of the most successful professional gambler who ever lived. This is no exaggeration either. His was a life shaped by the kind of magic of which kids dream—a true-life sorcery such as modern science is only beginning to document.

A year ago last April the banker in the master card game was none less than that arch killer the medicos call Carcinoma Malignant, better known by

the alias of "Cancer." The place was Lausanne, Switzerland. The surroundings were expensive—in truth, the best that money could buy. The exhausted player was Nicholas Zographos.

"Nick The Greek" was what he was called in all the most expensive joints along the French Riviera only a few years ago.

This genius with the cards isn't to be confused with an American, who has achieved notoriety in gambling dens on this side of the Atlantic and is also known as "Nick the Greek." Zographos was of a different stripe.

In a little over ten years—1922 to 1933—he won and salted down a fortune conservatively estimated as more than \$25,000,000. That was all velvet from cards—high-toned, expensive baccarat, to be precise. Other millions came later.

At the peak of his gambling career Zographos had a winning streak which lasted 30 consecutive days, with the take seldom less than half a million, each night. His greatest known loss in a night's play was a staggering \$900,000.

His meteoric and ruthless progress to the metaphorical throne of "Gambling King of the French Casinos" was punctuated with suicides of bankrupt men. The list of the vanquished includes tycoons of European business and finance as well as royalty.

They all found that it wasn't healthy to test their



CARDS

Displaying one of his rare smiles, Nick (seated, center) looks on while a feminine rival attempts to make her point at baccarat.

skill against the master in a game of baccarat—a game which in essence resembles “blackjack” or “21” but which is far more deadly and treacherous.

The weapons Nicky used were honest, if beyond the reach of run-of-the-mill card players. There is good reason for believing that some of them were pure magic, such as those Dr. J. B. Rhine and his associates at the Parapsychology Laboratory of Duke University are trying to understand.

Some of the other Zographos feats can serve as models for ambitious amateurs who fancy themselves as card players.

IF ever a man trained without knowing that it was for the career he would pursue it was young Nick—“bad boy” of a large Greek family.

Son of an aristocratic father, Nicholas Zographos was born in Athens around 1885—possibly a year or two one way or the other. His age as reported in news dispatches was always a dubious quantity and invariably less than it should have been.

The wizard of the casinos must have been vain in numbering his years. Or possibly that was just a part of the camouflage of his professional mask.

At the height of his fame around the cushy gaming tables of the exclusive French casinos, male and female wise-guys were well fortified with fanciful stories of his early life such as the one that he had been

a sheep herder. Not so much out of character was the tale that he had been a stable boy. It was said that he learned to speak French in the dives of Cairo and Algiers.

Such legends were never discouraged by the master gambler. At an early age he had acquired a passion for the American game of poker. He knew full well that bluff could fill in when the cards weren't there.

What could be more potent in a tight spot, he must have reasoned, than a solid reputation for supernatural cunning—or for being a thousand different characters.

Actually the closest Nick ever came to being a stable boy was when he was playing hookey from school. Being a gambler by instinct, he spent a lot of time at the racetracks and nosed his way among the “sporting” element of the ancient city of his birth.

IT'S worth noting, however, that the wayward youngster possessed an unmistakable gift for mathematics. It was this which caused Papa Zographos to decide that Nick should be an engineer.

To disentangle his son from the web of evil habits and associates, the old man packed Nick off to the University of Munich in Germany.

It didn't work out as planned.

At the university Nicky gave the brush-off to the
(Continued on page 72)

THE GOLDEN LURE

By JACK DUDLEY

THE wind swept in, cold and biting, over the rocky terrain. Joe Regan pulled the collar of his denim work jacket up so that it covered the back of his neck. He hunched his head down, as if trying to push it through his shoulders. His thin work clothes offered little protection from the cutting wind and he knew he must find shelter soon or die from exposure. The sky was dark and soon the snow would come and then chance for life would be lost.

He plodded doggedly along, knowing the posse must be getting closer all the time. He cursed them. Cursed because he knew they would be warmly clad and mounted on fine horses. He was like a dumb animal being hunted down by a man fitted out with the latest equipment.

He was an escaped murderer. Perhaps he was like a predatory beast in some respects. Still, he was a man, a human being like those who pursued him.

"Tracked like an animal," his mind pounded out the words slowly, deliberately, as if keeping time with



Joe Regan was going after his hidden fortune before fleeing the country and the cops

his plodding steps. Still he must be a good ten miles ahead of them, he thought. Have to find shelter and get a good night's sleep, then get the money. Get a gun. Let them try to stop me then.

He kept going. Over one ridge, then another. As he topped the last rise, Joe saw smoke ahead. He looked, put his head down and continued plodding. After a few steps, what he had seen began to register on his numbed brain. Shelter. He still had a chance.

He stopped a second, stared at the smoke and then laughed like a maniac. He started to run for the cabin that he saw nestled in a small ravine surrounded by scrub pine. He couldn't run, but managed to stumble forward a little faster.

Exhausted, he lay panting at the crude wooden door. He picked himself up and kicked at the door. Snow began to fall.

"Let me in," he yelled. "For the love of God, let me in before I freeze."

Slowly the door began to open. Joe summoned the

last remaining ounce of strength from his rugged body. He hurled himself at the door, hitting it with his shoulder.

The old man behind the door was knocked sprawling.

JOE tumbled in, lurched against the table in the center of the small room. He snatched up the gun that lay on the table.

"Okay, old timer," Joe said as he pointed the gun. "Get to your feet and close the door."

The man rose with effort and obeyed the order.

"I ain't got no money," the old man whined. "I'm just a poor prospector. What do you want with me?"

"Shut up, you old goat," Joe said as he glared at the bent figure in front of him. He was feeling better already. The warmth of the fire was bringing feeling back to his numbed body. The cold, hard feel of the gun in his hand brought back his old confidence. He

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Joe pushed his chair away from the table and lashed out at the old man with the barrel of his gun. He then tied his aged victim up.

Why People Run Amok

By L. MacKAY PHELPS

Every year, thousands of people suffer from a temporary insanity that causes them to commit violence. Lately, this has developed into nation-wide menace



Howard Unruh used to be a gun fancier. One day, he went berserk, and "shot up" his home town.

Police rescue man from suicide attempt. Some people take rage out on selves rather than others.



Running amok should not be confused with the type of suicide that is carefully planned and executed.





Police are having their hands full trying to prevent this temporarily deranged man from wreaking havoc upon his fellow citizens.

AT 4:00 A.M. last January 4, James Healy, a former Brooklyn, New York apartment-house superintendent who had recently quit his job because he was "tired" of that kind of work, went, carrying a hammer, into the bedroom where his wife lay sleeping. "I just got the urge to kill her," he explained afterward. And he succeeded.

He struck so hard that the hammer broke. But his wife was still alive, and he finished the job with two table lamps, one of which also broke.

Police, summoned by neighbors, found him sitting apathetically on the bed, all his sudden fury gone. At his feet lay the battered body of his wife.

Only five days previously, in Cupertino, California, another man went "amok" and killed both his baby daughter and himself.

He was 39-year-old Joseph Edwards, a construction worker, married and the father of five children.

His killing frenzy came upon him without warning. He was playing with his three-year-old daughter Doris, tossing her in the air as she gurgled with delight, when suddenly his mood changed.

Seizing the child by the heels, he swung her like a living club, battering her head against the floor and smashing in her skull.

The amok deed accomplished, his fury abruptly vanished. He picked up his dead baby and cradled her tenderly in his arms. Suddenly full realization of what he had done seemed to strike him. "I've killed my baby!" he moaned, and ran out of the house.

Outside, he leaped into his automobile and roared

away. Minutes later, at a nearby railroad crossing, he deliberately drove the car into the side of a train, killing himself instantly.

He was a "good father," his grief-stricken widow told police. He had also suffered from fits of depression and had told her of his fear that he might be "going off his rocker."

WHY do people suddenly "run amok" and kill, or commit other acts of physical violence over which they have no control, abruptly returning to a state of apparent normalcy afterward? What psychic storm turns them briefly into automata incapable of restraining themselves?

These are grimly important questions. In recent years, running amok has become such a familiar phenomenon that it scarcely provokes comment except when a criminal act results. The truth is that the vast majority of acts committed while in this condition are not criminal, and the disturbing fact is that they might easily have been so.

No psychiatrist can say with certainty why a Howard Unruh, for example, loads a pistol, walks out of his home and calmly shoots thirteen persons to death in a matter of a few minutes while another person may merely scream and smash a few dishes or pieces of furniture. Because the amok state is so completely unpredictable, both in when it will occur and in what form the violence will take, it is always potentially dangerus.

(Continued on page 54)



Abdel Rasul Ahmed's ghoulish activities uncovered one of the great treasures of history. Here are 3,000-year-old remains of a queen.

Abdel Rasul Ahmed had never hoped to become wealthy until temptation was thrown in his face. Quite by accident, he came upon a forbidden tomb that preserved the mummies and jewels of the long-dead Pharaohs

HISTORY'S MOST ASTOUNDING GRAVE ROBBERY

By **RUSSELL TRAVERS**

TOMB robbing in Upper Egypt is one of the world's most ancient professions. It began over four thousand years ago and prospers to this day. Year after year, generations of Arabs have explored the deserted valleys and cliffs, searching, prodding and digging, and carrying out secret excavations in the hope of anticipating the archaeologists in some rich find.

The Pharaohs of old chose the gaunt Theban Valleys as a burial place because of their loneliness and general inaccessibility. It is here that the Nile valley is at its most barren. Huge, gaunt sandstone cliffs rise up sheer above the desert and the sun beats down mercilessly on a place that knows no shade.

Nobody would venture into this sun-scorched region unless compelled by the most vital reason. Into the barren expanse of sand and rock, one royal burial

tomb was sunk after another, and into each grave was thrust a store of treasure unparalleled elsewhere in the world.

Beneath almost every stretch of sand today something of the civilization of Ancient Egypt lies buried. It is not all treasure. Fragments of pottery, pieces of mummy, beads and various kinds of ornaments lie buried on every hand, but precious stones are found frequently enough to keep searchers constantly at work.

IT is unlikely that anybody will ever make another find such as Abdel Rasul Ahmed achieved in 1871. He was climbing by himself in the cliffs near the great Deir-el-Bahari Temple when he came across a shaft leading down many feet into the ground. He had never noticed it before, and something more than curiosity compelled him to explore it at once.

With a lighted torch to guide him, he scrambled



Archaeologists are still removing mummies from enormous tomb Abdel Rasul Ahmed had discovered.

down the shaft. He went down nearly thirty feet and then encountered a tunnel that led away for nearly a hundred yards into the cliff.

The tunnel was so low that he had to go on hands and knees, and after several minutes of rough going he found himself in a huge rock-cut chamber. As his dim torch cast its flickering shadows over the walls, he must have gasped for breath. A sight met his eyes that even he, descended from a long line of tomb robbers, had never expected to see even in his wildest dreams.

The chamber in which he found himself was piled high with the golden funeral equipment of the most magnificent of Egypt's Pharaohs. Precious stones glinted on every piece, and the workmanship of the great sarcophagi exceeded anything that had ever been dug up by any archaeologist.

Unknowingly Abdel had stumbled upon a hiding place sought by tomb robbers for over three thousand years. During the twenty-first Dynasty, about the year 1,000 B.C. a great outcry arose against the activities of tomb robbers in the burial places of the Pharaohs.

The Priests of the Sun, shocked at the way almost every royal tomb of which they had any knowledge had been ransacked, collected together as many of

(Continued on page 52)



After Abdel's misdeeds, Arabs reburied mummies. This created great confusion for archaeologists.



Dodgers prexy Walter O'Malley has started a move to crack down on duster throwers in big leagues.

By **AL KILGORE**

WALTER O'MALLEY, lawyer-president of Brooklyn's Dodgers, has suggested that the umpires be empowered to order the withdrawal from a game of any pitcher who has hit a batter in the head, whether intent is involved, or whether the pitcher's wildness endangers the batters.

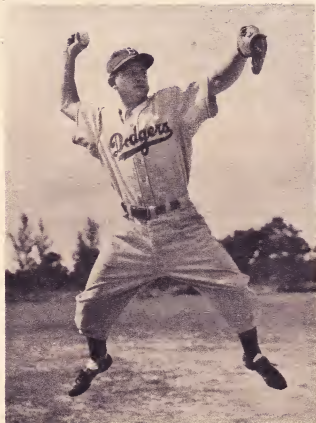
Mr. O'Malley was inspired to make this timely suggestion for two very sound reasons.

First, Don Zimmer, his prize rookie infielder, whom many shrewd observers considered sure pop to succeed "Pee Wee" Reese as Brooklyn's shortstop in a year or two, was beamed in 1953 while with St. Paul, in the American Association, where he had been farmed for further experience. Today, Zimmer is a question mark.

Brooklyn's new manager, Walter Alston, is concerned over whether Zimmer will be "plate shy" as a result of the skulling and the delicate brain operation he underwent.

WILL THEY OUTLAW the BEANBALL?

The high hard one has killed one big leaguer and has wrecked others. When is baseball going to live up to what the Supreme Court calls it—a sport?



Shortstop Don Zimmer had future assured with Dodgers until minor league beaming nearly killed him.



Down and out. This is baseball? Brooklyn outfielder Carl Furillo lies unconscious after beaming.



Carl Furillo has been skulled so often, he now wears plastic insert under cap to avoid injury.

Secondly, O'Malley recalls the classic rhubarb of late last season, when Carl Furillo, the Dodgers' heavy-hitting right fielder, became irately convinced that manager Leo Durocher of the New York Giants had ordered his pitcher to dust Carl off. An argument and then a scuffle ensued between the Dodger outfielder and Durocher. Furillo hadn't been beamed in that particular instance, but, according to many angry Brooklyn fans, the same result was achieved. Carl broke his hand in the brawl that raged in front of the dugout.

In addition, catcher Roy Campanella, ordinarily one of the best natured players in organized baseball, has also accused the Giant pitchers of deliberately throwing at him. Jackie Robinson is another Dodger player who has pointed a finger at the Giants' dugout for the same reason.

Such incidents can be steamed up into riots. While Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick has made no publicly announced decision on the future of the beanball many of the game's officials are convinced that some

(Continued on page 61)

WHY BOXING STINKS

(Continued from page 171)

bout TV interview with one Joe Hasel. Smiling amiably, the august head of the commission, said:

"It was just a matter of youth overtaking old age."

Gimlet-eyed ringsiders, who had writhed in their seats as the 2 to 1 favorite, Pep, became a 4 to 1 underdog at bout time, weren't even a mite convinced that "old age" was the prime factor in wily Willie's Waterloo.

Harry Markson, managing director of the International Boxing Club, reportedly more erudite than some of his co-workers in the Norris "cabbage patch," expressed suspicions that a gambling syndicate had "fleeced bookmakers in a country-wide swindle."

Mr. Markson conveyed his convictions to Mr. Christenberry last February.

Messrs. Markson and Christenberry then met with Assistant District Attorney Alfred Scotti and Dan Dowd, of the State Athletic Commission. Their findings were forwarded to District Attorney Frank Hogan of New York City.

Mr. Hogan studied the data, then expressed the opinion that immediate Grand Jury action was not warranted. Cynics took this as a hint from Mr. Hogan that Mr. Christenberry should wash his own dirty linen.

In May, with Mr. Christenberry enroute by air to Europe for a convention of the European Boxing Union in the salubrious climate of Monte Carlo, Mr. Markson was congratulated editorially by the New York *Journal-American* as the "one man in the boxing business who has had the courage to put the finger of suspicion on some of the recent fights where the betting price fluctuations alone pointed to mobster control."

At the same time, the New York office of the State Athletic Commission announced that it is "maintaining constant scrutiny over all matters within its jurisdiction."

DAN PARKER, sports editor of the N.Y. *Mirror*, who has long fought a one-man fight to clean-out "the Augean stables" of boxing, was more to the point. He wrote:

"The subject of investigating fixed fights, crooked gamblers and underworld control of the boxing

racket has degenerated into the lowest form of farce comedy. Everyone knows the names and rogues gallery numbers of the mobsters who control boxing; the promoters who are their bosom pals, and the managers who front for them. Every so often a lot of official noise is made about cleaning up the game, but it always subsides quickly and the small clique that has boxing in its clutches continues to do whatever cleaning up there is—all of it, of a financial nature."

Some of Dan Parker's New York contemporaries in the sports writing business pose, unabashed, as "fearless writers." Only Parker, among those writing on boxing, has earned the accolade. Once threatened by mobsters, he advised them via his column that his broad back would be a target hard to miss when he sat in his usual ringside chair.

While discussing the matter of investigations, several older fight fans have asked, "Do you think a Jim Farley or a Bill Brown would let three months lapse after a Perez Perez thing before taking positive action as State Athletic Commission officials?"

The old timers answer their own questions:

"You can bet all the cash in Jim Norris' bank account that forthright Bill Brown would have 'carpeted' everyone even remotely connected with that bout in a matter of weeks or even days!"

Those who knew Bill Brown can attest to the fact that he didn't know the meaning of pussy-footing or subservience.

WHEN Bob Christenberry took office as successor to Eddie Eagan as chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, he made an honest effort to clean up the "game."

Shortly after he took office, he wrote an article for *Life* Magazine in which he touched upon his aims. The article, incidentally, was appropriately illustrated by untouchable photographs of several sinister looking individuals suspected of having more than a rooting interest in boxing.

The individuals depicted weren't recognizable as having been asso-

ciated with Freedoms Foundation or as patrons of Loyalty Day rallies.

Mr. Christenberry went into action, but then something happened. Big money bouts went to cities other than New York. In fact, according to Dan Parker, "a boycott all but erased New York City from the boxing map." New York State was losing tax money as a result of this turn of affairs.

Of late, New York State has been getting a better deal from the I.B.C. One of the big plus was the Marciano-Charles world heavyweight title fight.

Al Weill, former matchmaker for the International Boxing Club, and pilot of Rocky Marciano, in a moment of refreshing, if slightly ungrammatical, candor, announced, "There is almost no fighters coming up now. Some of them might have something when they start out but they get burned upon television."

Rotund Alphonse is eminently correct in his observation, but he might have amplified his statement by saying that the reason why television was burning up fighters was the incessant demands of TV for talent.

With nationally televised fights scheduled Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays and a dearth of small clubs to serve as breeding grounds for future fistic stars, it is obvious that the net result is a scarcity of talent, poor bouts, mismatches and an increase in the greed of a favored few managers to cop the more lucrative TV shots.

Moreover, because of the demand for talent for TV purposes, few of the newer boxers are properly trained before they go into action in front of the beady red eye of the TV camera. Others, like French Veteran Jacques Royer-Crety, with a record of six lost decisions, knocked out twice and a draw in his previous 11 bouts, was matched with the hard-hitting middleweight Tiger Jones in a nationally televised fight!

IT is impossible to provide enough talent to meet the demands of those conducting TV boxing programs of a nationally televised nature.

One of the things that must be done is to up the fee for fighters

appearing on such programs. This might prove the economic move that would result in less TV boxing programs quantity-wise, but it would mean better TV boxing programs.

Of course, there are some TV viewers who switch the dial to a boxing program with the idea of just looking. Many of these "boxing" fans go for wrestling programs on TV, too.

The deterioration of boxing has also been hastened by the demands of TV. Granted that these demands put a heavy burden upon the matchmaker (and Madison Square Garden's Billy Brown is one of the better matchmakers in the history of boxing) the deterioration goes back years before TV became a matchmaker's problem.

Any boxing fan who was a ring-side regular in 1938 will recall Joe Louis' "Bum of the Month" campaign under the aegis of the late Mike Jacobs and his 20th Century Sporting Club. There was a time when the heavyweight title was regarded with respect.

When Tunney, Dempsey, Willard, Johnson, Burns, Jeffries, Fitzsim-

mons, Corbett and Sullivan were title-holders they commanded respect for they did not cheapen their championship by fighting too often.

A championship bout twice a year was often enough for a title-holder to defend his crown. His opponent usually was a very good man.

Today Al Weill, the foxy manager of Marcialo, agrees with the old-time pilots that twice a year is enough for a champion of the heavyweights to put the title on the line.

In 1938, however, a truly great champion, Louis, "defended" his title against Nathan Mann and Harry Thomas. In '39 he knocked out John Henry Lewis and Jack Roper, each in one round. Lewis was really a light-heavyweight while Roper was a third-rate pug.

Johnny Paychek, stiff with fright, was knocked out by the "Brown Bomber" in five rounds as was Al McCoy in six rounds in 1940. Red Burman and Gus Dorazio also went out via the same route in '41. If these "opponents" were title contenders Joe McCarthy is a bosom pal of Alger Hiss.

This policy, instituted by Mike Jacobs, of cheapening the heavyweight title spread to title bouts in the other divisions.

There wasn't enough boxing commission supervision to cut down the number of these title "defenses." Today, a somewhat similar situation is apparent.

It is up to the State Athletic Commission to supervise more strictly all boxing operations. Bad matches should not be OK'd. A Commission inspector should be on the scene at all times in the training gyms to be sure that those who are to box are properly conditioned.

Instead of allowing two Monday night fight cards to be TV'd along with Wednesday, Friday and Saturday cards of the same nature, the New York Commission should cut down on the number of TV boxing programs. Two nationally televised fight cards a week absorbs what worth while talent there is available.

Finally, the boxing commissions should do more to clean up gambling messes.

THE END

HOW GOOD IS DETERMINE?

(Continued from page 33)

considerable doubt that Hasty Road would start in the Derby unless he ran back to his two-year-old form in the Derby Trial. This made the Derby Trial very important to Hasty Road's connections, far more important than the purse of \$15,350 would indicate.

On the other hand, the race was unimportant to the Gremlin-Molter combo except as a tightener for the hog share of the \$124,100 Derby purse.

Under these circumstances, if you could place yourself in the position of the owner, and the trainer, of Determine, a definite starter in the Derby, would you have ordered your jockey to win the Derby Trial no matter if it meant ruining the little feller's chances in the big one, or would you have told the jockey to give him a good stiff workout, but to win only if it could be done without injury?

To get back to Determine's record as a two-year-old. It must be admitted that he was something less than a phenomenon, but good horses are often brought along slowly and Andy Crevelin knew he had a good colt in the little gray.

Perhaps if Determine had been

hurried too much as a two-year-old he might have been burned out by the time he became a sophomore. In the Derby, he was racing against horses that had beaten him before. For instance, James Session, an also-ran in the Derby, beat him twice as a two-year-old.

Careful handling in the tender juvenile stage can make the difference as to whether a horse ever shows his true capacities or not. Many two year olds break down and are soon forgotten. On the other hand, some sickly animals, through careful handling, are brought along to make illustrious names for themselves.

A case in point is the fabulous Tom Fool. He was a sickly one as a juvenile, and if my memory serves me right, was unraced as a two-year-old, and very lightly raced as a three-year-old.

Yet, when he was sent out to answer the big question as a four-year-old, no assignment was too tough for him. He showed them all the way home except the equally fabulous Native Dancer whom he never met.

So let's look at Determine's 1954 (three-year-old record) and

see if that will give us a line on how good he is.

He has started eight times in 1954, all of them in Stakes. He has won seven of them, and was beaten only a head in the other, which we've already examined.

His earnings for 1954 now total \$259,800, with more than half of the year still to go (as this is written), and his total earnings for both this year and last, are \$286,235.

While he is the first foal of his dam, Koubis, his illustrious pappy has sired some good ones, so his class is hardly in doubt.

But when we get right down to cases, it's a combination of things that makes a real champ. Blood lines are important. Speed is important. Proper handling is important.

In the final analysis, though, it's the racing heart, the will and determination to win, that puts the champ a cut above the others when the chips are down.

The small gray package of TNT known as Determine seems to us to be carrying around a racing heart as big as himself.

We think he is aptly named.

THE END

HISTORY'S MOST ASTOUNDING GRAVE ROBBERY

(Continued from page 47)

the dead Pharaohs and their relatives as they could find, and together with whatever funeral equipment still remained, they hid them all together in an unfinished tomb that at one time had been intended for Amenhotep I.

Many of the dead Pharaohs thus moved had already been moved earlier as one after another of their resting places had been discovered. But here in the old tomb in the Deir-el-Bahari cliffs they were to find the longest rest their mortal remains had ever known.

As the last flickers of his lighted torch lit up the mass of wealth, Abdel realized that here was the find of all time.

Then the light went out and left him alone in the darkness with the great bats hovering round him in the vast stillness of the long-forgotten death chamber. He made his way hurriedly to the surface.

ABDEL was cunning, and he realized that if he was to derive any personal gain from his discovery he would have to act with great caution.

He knew that it would not be possible to keep the secret to himself, for alone he would be unable to bring to the surface many of the finest objects that he had seen during his brief glimpse of the treasure chambers.

As soon as he got home he swore his son and his two brothers to secrecy and then told them the full story.

Every night the four men visited the cave. Unlike so many other robbers, they did not treat the mummies with disrespect.

They did not have to. There was so much treasure and so many valuable little objects littering the floor that there was no need to unwrap the yards and yards of mummy cloth from the shrunken figures to reach the jewelry they knew still rested round shriveled necks or upon dried fingers and wrists.

They took particular care that their visits to the cave should not arouse the curiosity or suspicion of their fellows.

They had little difficulty in selling the smaller objects that they discovered. A market for these is always available at Thebes and

no questions, even today, are asked that might possibly lead to the drying up of some profitable source.

The robbers released their finds so slowly that the buyers never realized a vast treasure hoard was being scattered around the world.

As their fortunes grew, Abdel and his brothers found it increasingly difficult to live in a manner that would not give away their hidden wealth to their jealous neighbors. They continued to occupy their old tomb, which had been used as a house for generations, with all the usual poverty.

HOWEVER, such a state of affairs could not go on indefinitely, particularly in Egypt. The objects which the family sold soon began to rouse interest in the U. S. and Europe, where their purchasers proudly showed them off to museums and collectors.

Many of the pieces were associated with Pharaohs or their queens whose tombs and mummies had never been discovered, and it was not long before the authorities suspected that a find of no ordinary value had been made. They sent out spies to watch.

Suspicion in due course came to rest on Abdel and his family. But suspicion is never proof, and though several arrests were made, nothing in the form of a confession was obtained, and no clues were found.

However, what the official ways and means had failed to achieve, the age-old weakness of the Arabs to quarrel among themselves finally accomplished and proved Abdel's undoing.

One of his brothers, not satisfied with a deal in which he received only a small share, went to the authorities and told the whole story. The result was that after Abdel had exploited the find for ten years, the world heard officially of the greatest cache of royal mummies and imperial treasures ever discovered.

It was realized that to leave the mummies where they lay, however morally desirable, was in fact asking for trouble.

The experiment of leaving a Pharaoh in his tomb once it had been opened by modern archaeologists had already been tried and

had proved a grim and costly failure.

Watchmen and iron grilles are no more effective against the present-day robber than spells and hidden entrances impeded his ancestor over four thousand years ago.

WITH the help of several hundred Arabs, the huge coffins containing the royal mummies were carried out of the tomb that had for so long given them shelter.

Amid scenes of great excitement, in which the local Arabs lined the river bank for miles, firing off their rifles as a last salute to the dead Pharaohs, the royal funeral cortege was borne down the Nile to Cairo.

It was found that most of the mummies wore a small locket stating how and when they had come to be reburied in the great mass burial place, but the haste and confusion of their final interment seems to have been so frantic that several cases of mistaken identity occurred.

These provided a number of historical problems when the mummies were finally examined by experts. The mummy believed from its label to be that of Rameses I, was found, often it was unwrapped, to be a white-haired old woman, embalmed in a way that was characteristic of a much earlier period.

Another case of muddling occurred when the sarcophagus of Seknekt of the twentieth Dynasty was found to contain a woman, probably Queen Tausret, the wife of Seti II.

There was no mistaking the really great Pharaohs, however. Here lay the very cream of the Empire rulers.

Tuthmosis II and III, ancestors of the little Tutankhamen, were found together with Seti I and his son Rameses the Great, once more united with his favorite wife Nefertiti.

These and many other famous personages, whose remains archaeologists have sought for generations, were all at last recovered.

Abdel Rasul Ahmed, the man who had restored these amazing relics once more to the world, slipped

ped back into the obscurity from which he had so suddenly emerged.

He was not punished for what he had done, but he steadfastly refused to go near the old shaft again, and only broke his resolution once when he was persuaded to allow himself to be photographed at the entrance.

The photograph wasn't success-

ful, for when he reached the spot he was so overcome by a morbid fear of impending revenge on the part of the dead Pharaohs, that he fainted.

The world soon forgot him, and Abdel Rasul Ahmed died in abject poverty at the advanced age of ninety.

THE END

CANADIANS IN U. S. BASEBALL

(Continued from page 29)

spring of 1952.

He was assigned to the Roanoke team in the Piedmont League, where he pitched a two-hitter in his debut, then twirled a one-hit game and just missed pitching a no-hitter when a batter drove a single through the box.

Last year, his brother Stan, pitched for Hagerstown in the same league, winning 15 and losing 10 games. Stan also should be ready for a major league trial next season.

Of all the major league teams, however, Brooklyn has the big majority of promising young Canadians. In addition to drawing on its "biggest branch" (Montreal) for the pennant "tree that grows in Brooklyn," the Dodgers also boast no less than six prospects, all of them from Toronto, Ont.

These hopefuls include: Bill Weir, Moe Galand, Mike Witwki, Bill Davies, Al Mugford and Don Graham. The aforementioned have been placed with Class C and D clubs in the lower minors, although Mugford and Graham, now 19 years of age, had tryouts at the Dodgers' Vero Beach, Fla., camp for spring trainees.

Ralph Vold, of Ponoka, Alberta, turned down a contract to play pro hockey with the Boston Bruins to sign a farm club contract in the Dodger set-up.

Shrewd George Weiss, the veteran general manager of the New York Yankees and the man always delegated to make the moves necessary to strengthen the Bronx Bombers in spots where weakness is evident, is not overlooking the possibility of coming up with valuable playing material from Canada. With this thought in mind, Mr. Weiss signed Jack Pairs of London, Ont., to scout for the Yankees in Eastern Canada.

For instance, Pairs was responsible for signing Willie Casanova, an outfielder from Windsor, Ont. Willie played for Birmingham in the Southern Association in 1953. If he continues to improve, he will be placed with the Yankees' triple A farm club, Kansas City.

CANADA may well be proud of her sons who have made the grade in major league baseball. It is no small honor to boast that George Selkirk, from Huntsville, Ont., was the man selected by the Yankee organization to take over in right field at Yankee Stadium after Baseball's Colossus, "Babe" Ruth, left the Yankees for Boston's Braves in the National League.

Dick Fowler, the towering, lean right-hander from Toronto, has his name emblazoned in bright letters in the all-time major league baseball records for having pitched a no-hit, no-run masterpiece against the St. Louis Browns in 1945.

A teammate, Phil Marchildon, from Penetanguishene, Ont., was headed for pitching greatness, too, when his baseball career was shortened by service in the Royal Canadian Air Force in World War II.

Cleveland, St. Louis and Boston (National League) rooters still remember fiery Jeff Heath, the ball-blasting outfielder for the Indians, Browns and Braves from '36 thru '49. Heath was born in Fort William, Ont.

One of the National League's great catchers and a capable manager, too, was George Gibson, the burly catcher for the World champion Pittsburgh Pirates in 1909. George thought nothing of catching 145 games a season.

Born in London, Ont., he caught for Pittsburgh from 1905 through 1916, and finished his big league career as an active player with the

New York Giants in 1917 and '18. Gibson managed the Pittsburgh Pirates in 1920-22 and again from 1932-34. He also piloted the Chicago Cubs in 1925.

The pitcher who temporarily revolutionized the art in the American League was born in Manitoba. His name is Russell Ford.

Ford introduced "the emery ball" into the American League in 1910. It was a hush-hush operation. In 1910, Russ pitched the New York Yankees or Highlanders, as they were also called in those days, into second place and spun several shut-outs in the process. He won 26 games and lost only six in 1910.

Ford had a piece of emery paper sewn into the palm of his glove. He never left his glove on the field after he had retired a side, so the secret was well kept for some time.

When Ty Cobb first batted against Russ, the Georgia Peach was fanned. He walked back to the Tiger bench, according to Ford, waving both palms outward, signifying that the ball had broken twice!

Ford's pitch was outlawed by Ban Johnson, president of the American League, in 1911, and the pitcher lost much of his effectiveness without the "emery ball." Russ Ford is a structural engineer in New York today.

Other Canadians who have won a modicum of fame as major leaguers include such names as:

Jack Graney, for the past few years a baseball radio broadcaster in Cleveland, but from 1910 thru 1922 a fleet and classy outfielder for the Cleveland Indians. Graney was born in St. Thomas, Ont.; Edson Bahr, from Roucou, Sask., who pitched for the Pittsburgh Pirates in 1946 and '47; Roland Gladu, third baseman and outfielder for the Boston Braves in 1944, was born in Montreal, Que.

Charlie Mead, outfielder for the New York Giants in 1943 thru '45, was born in Vermillion, Alberta; Frank O'Rourke, now a scout for the New York Giants, was born in Amilton, Ont., and played major league baseball from 1912 thru '31, except for '13, '14, '15 and '23, when he was in the minors; Sherrard Robertson, born in Montreal, Que., was an infielder and outfielder for the Washington Senators from 1940 through 1950.

Baseball is not only the chief sport in the United States, but it is gradually becoming the number one pastime of the entire North American continent.

THE END

WHY PEOPLE RUN AMOK

(Continued from page 45)

Here are some typical examples of the condition which, on the surface, appear not to be particularly dangerous. They are, in fact, displayed by many persons who are firmly convinced that they have "a firm hold on themselves" at all times.

A placid housewife, usually the personification of decorum, is jostled by another woman in boarding a bus. She follows the offender to her seat and deliberately spits in her face.

A young husband who earns a small salary is accustomed to being reproached by his wife for his lack of earning capacity. This invariably occurs every payday, when the husband turns over the household money to his wife. The husband has always sighed resignedly so far, but on this occasion he abruptly tears all his bills into bits and throws them on the floor.

The storm over, he sheepishly picks up the pieces and pastes the money together again. Some of the bills are so badly mutilated they cannot be passed, but must be exchanged for sound bills at the bank.

The above is by no means unusual. In some instances money has been thrown into the fire or out the window of a tall apartment house, making recovery impossible.

Quite an expensive way of relieving a psychic tension. Yet not criminal.

A man is walking calmly down the street. Suddenly he walks up to a total stranger and hits him in the jaw, for no reason that he can fathom then or afterward. It was "an irresistible impulse," he explains to the police, if he happens to be arrested.

Another man, tuning in the television to get a fight, finds that a power tube has blown. He has a spare tube handy, and making the replacement would be merely a matter of seconds, but he overturns the television set, smashing it completely. Instantly his calmness returns and he regrets what he has done.

Explosions like these happen all the time, in the lives of millions of people. In some, they may occur only once or twice a year, per-

haps even less frequently. In others, they are quite frequent, perhaps increasingly so.

And sometimes their violence increases, too. A man who for years has merely screamed vituperation at his wife during his brief amok attacks finally slaps her face, a thing he had never done before. In every attack since, he has always slapped her face.

At what point will he go further—beat her severely or possibly kill her?

The tendency to commit amok acts is a form of temporary insanity. In fact the word *amok* is derived directly from the Malay *amog*, which means an uncontrollable frenzy. Unlike some peoples, the Malays always realized that a person in this condition was temporarily deranged, and considered him possessed of devils which, ordinarily, left him alone.

Webster's *New International Dictionary* defines amok as a "nervous malady or seizure." It is characterized by an unreasoning impulse to attack anything and everything indiscriminately; the victim may be a loved one or a total stranger or even an inanimate object. Many an amok person has battered his head against a wall or kicked some object hard enough to fracture the bones in his foot.

Generally amok is associated with murderous frenzy, but this is frequently not the case. The Malay interpretation limited it to homicidal mania, but it actually has all manner of degrees, depending on the extent to which the mental illness has progressed and the extent to which subconscious controls have been stifled.

WHAT is amok? It is best defined as a form of split personality or *schizophrenia* known as *paranoia*, in which violent acts are likely to occur. It is also a specialized form of paranoia.

There is a lot of glib talk about schizophrenia, too much of it misinformed. Kretschmer describes it as a divided mentality possessing both "a surface and a depth," meaning that a person may be quiet, reserved, charming superficially yet seething with frustrations and resentments inside. Often these inner impulses are totally

unsuspected by the conscious mind, and do not reveal themselves until an "explosion" occurs.

Not all schizophrenics are potentially dangerous, in fact the vast majority are not. Of the 50,000 or so persons admitted to mental institutions each year as schizophrenic, most are non-violent. "Simple" schizophrenics merely withdraw from society and into a world of fantasy, are lazy and apathetic; they are generally easily cured by psychiatric treatment.

"Catatonic" schizophrenics show more severe symptoms, frequently alternate between periods of great excitement and depression. In the former, they may reveal hypersensitive reflexes, including the sexual; in the latter they may be so stuporous as to be incapable of retaining urine or feces and drool from the mouth. They may express threats and make menacing gestures when in the excited stage, but they are seldom violent.

The paranoid, on the other hand, nurses deep convictions that he is persecuted. These convictions have no basis in reality, but are built up gradually as one imaginary slight or injury is piled onto another. They may be realized by the conscious mind, or they may be embedded in the subconscious.

In the former case, an act of violence will be deliberate; in the latter it will not. An example of the former occurred recently when a young woman doctor stabbed one of her children to death with a pair of scissors, stabbed two other of her children non-fatally, and then took poison. Prior to these acts she had written a suicide note, stating that there "was nothing left to live for." She had previously undergone psychiatric treatment.

In the latter case, the act of violence will be totally unplanned and spontaneous, insofar as the conscious mind is concerned. This is true amok.

Finally, there is a form of schizophrenia known as "hebephrenic," in which the victim reverts to babyhood, giggling, laughing, lisping, indulging in childish tantrums, and sometimes losing the power of speech. Hebephrenics are seldom dangerously violent.



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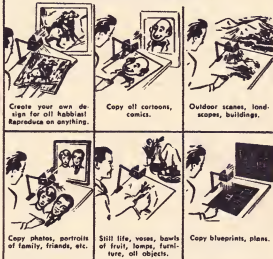
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Paranoid schizophrenia is obviously the most dangerous kind. It is "frequently met with in those who come in conflict with the law, which many of them do since they are frequently antagonistic..." write Drs. P. M. Lichtenstein and S. M. Small in *A Handbook of Psychiatry*.

WHAT causes schizophrenia? Undoubtedly a major cause seems to be the complexities of tension-ridden modern living, particularly in the highly competitive life of great cities. Statistics show that cities produce more schizophrenics per capita of population than do rural areas.

However, there may be other causes, including sexual. According to Dr. Frederick Mott, studies of the endocrine and sex glands of schizophrenics reveal disfunctionings. Other researchers have found abnormalities in the secondary sexual characteristics to be more frequent in schizophrenics than in other classifications of the mentally ill. Often the hair distribution is markedly that of the opposite sex—female schizophrenics having considerable facial hair and the characteristic public hair distribution of the male, while the opposite is noted in the male schizophrenic.

Thus malfunctioning of the glands may be one cause of schizophrenia. According to Kraepelin, autointoxication caused by malfunctioning of the gonads may result in the upset. There is a high proportion of schizophrenia among homosexuals, while secret worry over suspected homosexuality may be another cause.

Other causes include malnutrition and even the onset of age.

But whatever the cause—and they are sometimes manifold—the end result is dissatisfaction with things as they are and a relaxing of the attempt to cope with the situation or attempt to change it within the limits recognized as appropriate by society. Fantasy takes the place of reality in important areas of thinking, and the retreat into fantasy begins.

Sometimes the underlying cause of amok acts can be discovered. In the case of James Healy, for example, he had explained, when quitting his job, that he was "tired of this kind of work." In addition, his wife's parents had arrived in America from Germany on January 2—two days before the killing; perhaps he believed that they might become an added burden on him, although there may have

been no real reason for that belief.

Obviously he was discontented and worried, so he killed his wife. But the murder actually solved none of his problems; it only intensified them. It was the ultimate, illogical, unpremeditated escape from reality.

The news story on the murder-suicide committed by Joseph Edwards indicated that he had suffered fits of depression. He had suspected that he was going "off his rocker." Perhaps he had real worries, but only a paranoid would allow worry to build up to the point of murder of a loved daughter and self-annihilation.

Schizophrenics are not always failures; in fact many, due to their living in an inner world of their own, develop into fine musicians, painters, poets, writers, and scientists, for example. Even when they are paranoid, they sometimes perform such outstanding work that their "God complex" is turned to constructive purposes, with the result that they become overweeningly conceited and self-satisfied.

But they are the fortunate ones. Most are miserable, and when paranoid, dangerous. Fortunately, the onset of symptoms is slow, and the person with enough hold on reality to recognize his grievances as fanciful in the early stages and fight them, reasoning each out, has a good chance of defeating the illness.

However, an amok act is often recognized as irrational as soon as the frenzy wears off. "Why on earth did I do that?" is a common reaction of a person who has just thrown a tantrum. If he can assign no reason for his act, or if the violence of the act seems entirely out of proportion to the cause that occurs to him—such as smashing a lamp that fails to light—then he'd better consult a competent psychologist without delay. Particularly if he's committed similar amok acts before.

Otherwise he's likely to commit a major crime against society—an act of battery, murder, or rape, for example. The possibility of this happening is too great to gamble upon, again particularly when it has been demonstrated that about seventy-five percent of all cases of even advanced paranoia respond successfully to psychiatric treatment and are able to get along safely thereafter in society.

THE END

THE GOLDEN LURE

(Continued from page 43)

was beginning to feel the old power again.

Joe walked to the one window in the room and looked out. The snow was coming down heavy now. It would cover up his trail and hold up pursuit.

He turned to the old man. "I don't want any arguments or trouble from you. All I want is for you to obey orders. Now, get me some food."

The old man mumbled something Joe couldn't hear and then started to prepare a meal.

Joe walked to the fireplace and lifted the rifle that rested in the rack above it.

"Old man, you got ammunition for this gun?"

The dirty, bearded prospector turned from the small stove over which he worked. "In the cabinet over there by the door. Won't do you no good to kill me though. I ain't got no money. Haven't had a smell of a strike since I came to this confounded spot."

"Shut up and tend to your cooking," Joe said. "All I want from you is some food and supplies. In the morning I'll be rested and full and I'll leave you and your stinking shack."

Joe felt great after getting a good meal under his belt. He stretched his legs out under the table and spread his hands out on the top. He glared at the old man.

"That was the stinkiest grub I've ever eaten, even in prison. But at least it was hot and it filled my belly. It made me feel like a human being again so I'm going to let you live, Pop."

"You should," the old man wheezed, "I ain't done you no harm."

"Right. You've been real nice and played it smart. You haven't given me any trouble at all. Just keep it up."

"You're from that prison at the edge of the hills, ain't you?" the man asked.

"Right again, Pop, you're a real bright boy. You should feel real honored to have such a distinguished guest at your little hotel." Joe laughed at his little joke.

"I was boss of a big mob back east. Ran it just like a big business. Then, I made the mistake of

getting angry at my competitors. I rubbed them out, just like in the good old days. The cops came after me and I started running. What a joke, Joe Regan running. Me who was used to the best food, clothes and liquor money could buy. Joe Regan, running like a dumb animal or two-bit hood."

"The law catches up with even the biggest crooks," the old man said.

"Not me. Not Joe Regan. Those cops are out there in the hills some place freezing their tails off, while I'm nice and warm and cozy. They'll have to wait until morning to start looking for me again."

"They'll catch you," the old man said, "they always do." He said it with a certainty and finality that was disturbing.

"Shut up, old man," Joe yelled. "They'll never get me. They got me once, but couldn't hold me. They'll never get me again. They chased me half way across the country. Caught up with me near here, but not before I hid a nice big suitcase full of money under a big rock."

The old prospector's face lit up with astonishment at Joe's words.

JOE laughed. "Didn't know there was close to a million dollars not more than five miles from here, did you. You've probably spent your whole life looking for a big strike, never dreaming that there was a big bundle of money out there just waiting to be taken."

Joe doubled up with laughter at the irony of his little joke.

"If I found it," the old man said, "I'd turn it over to the first law man that came along. Fellow like you wouldn't understand that. I'd just put the money away and go right on looking for my lucky strike as if nothing had happened."

"Sure, sure, old timer. You're probably nuts anyway. Maybe you would do just that. But, I think that the sight of all that money would change your tune real quick like."

"I'd never do no such thing," the old man said.

"Well, maybe not, but me, first thing in the morning, I'm heading for that dough while those stupid cops stumble around trying to pick up my trail. When I get that money,



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"I'm tired, Pop. I'm tired of your stupid talk. I can't sit up watching you all night. I've got to get some sleep so I'll be nice and fresh in the morning when I go to collect my money."

The old man spat tobacco juice at the floor. "Go ahead and sleep, sonny," he said. "I won't try nothing. I know they'll get you anyway."

"Shut up you old slob," Joe yelled. He pushed his chair away from the table and lashed out at the old man with the barrel of his gun. He hit him across the temple and then tied the unconscious prospector to the table legs.

AT the crack of dawn, Joe wakened from a sound sleep.

"How about cutting me loose," the old man asked.

"You aren't getting loose," Joe said. "I'm not cutting you loose so you can run to the cops as soon as I leave."

"I'm all stiff," the old man groaned. "It ain't human to leave me here like this to die."

"You're lucky I haven't killed you before this. You'll be all right. The law will hit this place sometime before the day is out. You can tell them Joe Regan was your guest for the night. You can tell them to give up looking for me because I'll be in the chips and long gone by the time they get here."

"They'll get you," the old man said. "You may be dead when they find you, but they'll get you."

"Shut up with that crazy talk or I'll slug you again."

Joe checked the pistol and rifle he had found in the cabin. He didn't bother with warm clothing or supplies because he would have the money soon and could buy the world then.

"Better take some warm clothes and grub," the old man said as Joe moved to the door. "You'll be mighty glad of it before you're done. It ain't going to be near as easy as you think."

Joe laughed. "Thanks for the advice, old man, but I don't need anything from you now. All I need is these two guns and that money. He slammed the door behind him and started through the deep drifts of snow.

He had gone maybe a mile when

he began to see what the old man had meant. It was freezing cold. Colder than he had ever thought possible.

The heavy drifts of snow made the going hard and he was tiring fast. He couldn't stop though or he would freeze to death. The posse would be on the move by now and once they found the prospector's cabin, they wouldn't have much trouble picking up his trail.

Joe was tired and wanted to head straight for the money but he had to zig-zag and try to cover his trail by following the rocky ridges where the snow was blown away. The going was easier there, but the wind cut into him more, chilling him right to the bone.

He was tired and fell more and more often. He kept stumbling and falling on the sharp rocks. Each time he fell, it was harder to get up.

IF only he was sure of where he was, it wouldn't be so bad. Now and then he saw a landmark that looked familiar, but he wasn't sure. He kept moving, stumbling and falling many times, but each time he got up and plodded on.

Joe Regan was a big man. He was tough. He grew up in a city jungle of tenements inhabited by thieves and killers. He had to be tough to survive and eventually rise to the top and lead the pack. He would go on. Nothing would stop him, not cops, not cold, not snow, nothing would stop him. He would get the money and be a big shot again.

He stumbled, fell, got up, plodded on.

He was practically out on his feet when he saw the arrow-shaped boulder where he had buried the money.

That's where they found him.

The leader of the posse sat on his horse looking down at Joe's frozen body.

"It's a pity we couldn't have picked up his trail a few hours sooner," he said. He shook his head slowly and looked at the holes dug in the dirt around the big rock.

"He sure dug up a lot of frozen ground. Just look at those hands," he said, looking down at Joe's torn, bloody fingers. "Wonder what he would say if he knew the old prospector had found the money and was holding it for the police?"

The leader shook his head sadly, thoughtfully. "Poor Regan. The money he wanted so bad was right under the bed he slept in last night. Sort of makes a man stop and think."

THE END



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THE WEDDING GIFT

(Continued from page 19)

Already ten o'clock and still no best man.

I was tempted to board the bus now pulling up to the curb, but decided to wait ten more minutes. Wimpy was busy gazing up at the Forbes Building. People had grown curious, joking, laughing, but were themselves pointing, craning their necks.

I shook my head. I went over, nudged him. "Come on, Wimpy, look, here's Jack now." But he kept staring up. I sighed with disgust, got in the car.

JACK frowned as he wheeled the car away. "That little jerk!" he said. "Listen, we have us some fast detective work to do. Wedding's due in half an hour, and no groom."

He swore under his breath as he swerved away, missing a dazed jay-walker. "Damn it, where could Bill be stashed?"

His words had me wondering. We searched all the old haunts, went to Bill's, to Helen's, questioned all the relatives. No Bill. Surprise on everybody's face at the questions. On the morning of his wedding, pulling a corny disappearing act!

"Now why the hell would he want to hide!" Jack hollered, ready to blow his top.

Fifteen minutes before the deadline, having stopped and questioned people throughout the neighborhood, I hit on something.

"Let's get out of this tavern, Jack," I said. "I'll bet a buck Wimpy knows something about this, him and that Forbes building." Jack's face screwed up in exasperation as he downed his shot.

"Listen," I said, taking Jack by the arm, "Wimpy hates Bill like poison. Had a secret crush on Helen. Remember that night at the club, when Bill laughed at how Wimpy looked, dancing Helen around the floor?"

Jack laughed. "She was just being nice to Wimpy. Couldn't refuse the jerk a dance when he kept pestering her, could she? The runt having a crush on her! Why, she's a foot taller than him!" He admitted though, that Wimpy had always admired Helen, ever since school days.

WE hustled out to the car, drove off. "You know, Jack," I said, "Wimpy was with Chuck the night

they smashed up out there on that lonely stretch of highway. Funny how Chuck died and Wimpy just got dirtied up, not even scratched. Chuck was dating Helen at the time, remember?" Jack looked at me.

"And the year after that, when they found Joe in the alley, shot by that unknown burglar." I said the last word with sarcasm. "Wimpy was supposed to be out of town that night. I wonder. First Chuck, then Joe. Funny, they were both engaged to Helen, too, one after the other." I thought it over a minute, then told Jack about the Forbes Building and Wimpy.

He made a sudden U-turn. "How come no-one ever checked up on Wimpy?"

"Who'd suspect him?" I said. "Speed it up. We'll ask him a few questions." But Wimpy wasn't around when we got there, so we highballed it to the reception hall where the merrymaking was to take place.

Whew, what a relief! The cooks told us that Bill and his crew had just been there looking for us and had taken off a minute ago for the church.

THE wedding came off according to schedule. Odd, how Wimpy had me so upset. I felt guilty all through the ceremony, thinking of him and how I'd suspected him of all those deals.

The procession cruised through the city, horns, streamers, tin cans, everything. Bill and Helen were married, safe and sound. Now I could relax.

Just as the lead car approached Fifth Avenue, all the women in the world burst out screaming. I happened to look up at the sky, noticed the black object hurtling down from the upper stories of the Forbes Building.

Cars stopped everywhere. People started running around like mad, shouting, pointing. I got out, hurried over.

It was horrible, that guy jumping out the window to his death. Hit the front bumper of the bridal car.

Little more and he'd have crashed down on Bill and Helen, right through the canvas roof of the convertible. No wonder Helen had passed out cold.

I pushed my way through the crowd. I stared down at the blob of flesh and bones, all smashed awry.

I recognized it—It was Wimpy!

THE END

Will They Outlaw the Beanball?

(Continued from page 49)

action is necessary in the immediate future, before a tragedy occurs.

Not even the most partisan fan wants to see another Ray Chapman killing or a skulling of Mickey Cochrane. In fact, no one in his right mind wants to see any player hit by a "duster."

There is nothing more sickening than the sound of the thud of a baseball against a batter's skull and no sight more stomach-turning than that of a batter sinking to the dust and lying inert upon the playing field.

SOME open-mouth youngsters may be impressed by a Frankie Frisch saying that today's ball players who complain about the "duster" give him "a pain in the neck," but it is also a fact that Frisch, in the prime of his playing career, didn't like to be "dusted."

In fact, the same Mr. Frisch "couldn't take" the verbal "pitches" tossed at him by his scalpel-tongued manager, John J. McGraw of the New York Giants, and Frankie, rather than "take it," quit the club.

Several other veterans of many a hard-fought diamond campaign, when asked about the "duster," have snorted: "What's the matter with the 'cry babies,' why don't they fight back?"

This is an oversimplified solution if anything.

While it is a well known fact that, for many years, pitchers and batters took things into their own hands, it hasn't brought back to life likeable Ray Chapman, nor has such a course enabled Mickey Cochrane to regain the years of active play that he was deprived of when he was beaned.

Some of the hurlers of a more rugged era toed the pitching slab and looked at a plate-crowding batter with malice aforethought.

"He's not going to rob me of my bread and butter," thought the twirler. The pitcher then would send the batter into the dirt.

After brushing himself off, the batter would glare at his assailant and shout:

"You blankety-blank. Do that once more and I'll throw my bat

at your shins or cut you down on the base line."

Ty Cobb, mercurially agile in the batter's box, apparently didn't "take a toe hold" at the plate. He was always in a position to jump forwards or backwards from a pitch.

However, in such instances that occurred when Cobb was convinced that the pitcher was trying to "dust him off," he would bunt down the first base line and the pitcher would go for the ball.

Ty, flying up the baseline, would manage to sink his spikes into the toes or instep of the offending pitcher. The word got around that Cobb would do this and, as a result, he rarely was "dusted." Wise old Connie Mack, boss of the Athletics, instructed his pitchers "not to get Ty mad."

ONE of the outstanding pitchers of the American League is Bob Porterfield of the Washington Senators. In 1950, his career as a member of the champion New York Yankees was cut short by a fast ball pitched by Detroit's Paul Calvert.

The ball hit Porterfield in the temple and he was hospitalized with a brain concussion. After that, he was farmed out to Kansas City and while he returned to the Yankees in '51, he wasn't regarded as a valuable member of the team.

Fortunately, his former Yankee manager, Bucky Harris, who had taken over the reins for the Washington team, got Porterfield in a trade, and Bob's success saga as a Senator is now baseball history.

While some of the Yankees face a pitcher without the protective helmets afforded the players, Phil Rizzuto, the great little shortstop, would as soon be seen without his "monkey suit" as he would without the protective helmet when he strides to the plate to take his cuts.

Rizzuto is no coward. He has proved that he "can take it" with bigger and more rugged players in those double-play collisions at second base. He is just smart and knows that he has only one head which he and the Yankees prize.

It has been suggested that the wearing of these protective helmets be made mandatory. Yet, this would not solve the problem, entirely.

A pitcher, under instructions, could aim at the shoulders, arms and even the legs of a batter who was becoming too troublesome at the plate.

For many years it has been the custom for the pitcher to throw one or two "tight" pitches, often



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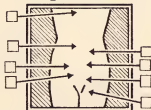
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on instructions, to test the mettle of the rookie batter. If the hitter went down but came back with fire in his eye, determined to belt the ball past the pitcher's ears, he was respected thereafter.

If, however, he became "plate-shy," the word of this weakness got around fast and shortly afterwards the plate-shy batter was on his way back to the minors.

SHORTLY after the turn of the century, Frank Chance, the young first baseman for the Chicago Cubs, was hit on the head five times by pitched balls in one afternoon's double-header. Chance was hit by pitched balls many times in later campaigns.

After he retired from active diamond play, he became deaf in one ear and recurring headaches made his life miserable when he was managing the New York Yankees and the Boston Red Sox.

Chance died of a brain ailment at the age of 45! Doctors ascribe his deafness, headaches and early demise to the frequent times he was hit on the head by pitched balls.

Batters often have been hit by accidentally bad pitches. Sometimes, a ball "salls" and the hitter gets conked.

One of the reasons Tommy Byrne, the former left-hand pitcher for the New York Yankees and other American League teams, was nicknamed "The Wild Man" was because of his inability to control the ball on various and sundry occasions.

Batters knew that Tommy would not deliberately drive them away from the plate, but they also knew that they might be hit by a "saller." For this reason, Tommy won games when he had his control. The batters were always on the lookout for one of Byrne's wild ones.

In the early days of the National League an incident occurred without precedent. The Chicago Cubs appealed to the plate umpire to have Sam Leever, Pittsburgh's pitcher, taken out of the box "because his wildness was endangering their lives."

Harry Harper, "The Hackensack Wild Man," a southpaw who pitched for the Washington Senators, Boston Red Sox, New York Yankees and Brooklyn Dodgers from 1913 through 1923, was notorious for his wildness.

He shares with Byrne and others the modern, and dubious, record of having hit four batters in one game, although Harper hit three

batters in one inning of a game in August, 1921.

THE most tragic instance of a batter being hit by a pitched ball occurred on August 16, 1920 at the Polo Grounds, then used by the New York Yankees for their home games.

Carl Mays was the Yankee pitcher, a right-hander, noted for his fiery aggressiveness. He pitched the "submarine ball," thrown with an underhand motion, his knuckles sometimes scraping the earth.

He had good control, but many of his pitches came up and broke in at a right-hand batter's head, particularly if the hitter was crowding the plate.

On that day, the Yankees were playing the Cleveland Indians and the Indians' shortstop was a right-hand batter and plate crowder named Ray Chapman.

The Yankees and Indians were in a fierce fight for the 1920 pennant and Mays, who had hit many batters who "dug in" at the plate or crowded it, was uncompromising in his determination to nullify the batting threat of Tris Speaker, Jack Graney, Chapman, and Elmer Smith.

Chapman crowded the plate and was hit on the head. He fell, unconscious, and died in a hospital on the following day.

While it was admitted that the fatality was an accident, Mays was castigated by fans of clubs in other cities as having intentionally thrown the fatal "duster."

While his teammates weren't buddy-buddy with the sometimes surly Mays, they defended him against all accusations that he had intentionally tried to hit Chapman.

After editorial denunciation of the bean ball and references to the esteem in which the deceased Chapman was held by his fellow players, the tragedy was forgotten in the heat of the stretch drive for the pennant.

Irving "Bump" Hadley, then pitching for the St. Louis Browns, lost control of a pitch which hit Cleveland catcher Frankie Pytlak during a game in 1934. Pytlak had hit .310 the year before, but became "plate shy" as a result of the beaming and was 50 points off his previous seasons' batting average.

Hadley, in 1937, was throwing for the New York Yankees. This time, he skulled Mickey Cochrane, catcher-manager of the Detroit Tigers. Cochrane, like Pytlak, was never the same afterwards.

Again, newspapers crusaded for something to be done about pro-

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tecting the batters. One of the results was the introduction of fibre and plastic helmets worn under the regulation baseball cap.

IN 1940, Joe Medwick, Brooklyn's newly acquired and slugging left fielder, was hit on the head by one of St. Louis Cardinals pitcher Joe Bowman's fast balls. The beaming affected Joe's hitting to such an extent that he finished the season with a .300 batting average. Two years before, he hit .330.

In 1942, Leo Durocher, then managing the Brooklyn Dodgers, was blamed by plots of the Chicago Cubs and Boston Braves for instigating a beanball campaign.

Jimmy Wilson, managing the Cubs, ordered his pitchers to retaliate by "dusting" the Dodgers. The feud became bitter, and it was just sheer luck that some valuable baseball chattels weren't ruined.

Wilson made no secret of his orders and repeatedly accused Brooklyn's Durocher of starting the dirty business. In August of that year, Ford Frick, prexy of the National League, slapped fines on right-hander Whit Wyatt of the Dodgers and Manny Salvo, Boston Braves' pitcher, for deliberately throwing "dusters."

Wyatt was soaked an extra \$25 for tossing his bat at Salvo. Frick followed this up by notifying all National League managers that an automatic fine of \$200 would follow if the pitchers continued to throw beanballs.

It has been pointed out that the American League has not been guilty, in recent years, of incidents like that which cropped up in the National League in 1953.

A Brooklyn fan's answer is:

"The American League has no yellow, blankety-blank named Durocher managing in that circuit."

One thing is certain. Plastic helmets should be made a mandatory part of a player's equipment.

Umpires should be instructed to warn each manager before a "crucial" series that the beanball or patently deliberate throwing at a batter will mean the ejection of the offending pitcher from the game.

This would be a more effective punishment than merely fining the player or manager.

After all, wasn't it the United States Supreme Court that ruled that major league baseball "is a game?"

THE END

THE STRANGE CASE OF THE LIVE GHOST

(Continued from page 31)

The work, of course, did not appeal to him, but he made the most of his job by picking the pockets of fellow employees and robbing the brewery of all its valuable copper tubing and lining.

To further widen his pocketbook, he helped himself to a couple of company payrolls and became a highwayman in the early hours of the morning.

BY this time he was above suspicion, for he had set up a luxurious apartment in a fashionable section of London where he wine and dined the important people of the town's aristocracy.

From time to time a visiting noble would admire the furnishing that filled the apartment of William Navison, Esquire. William would thank him courteously, and after seeing him to the door, lean his back on it and roar with laughter.

Those furnishings either belonged to a brother nobleman of the admirer, or in some cases to the admirer himself!

But life became boring easily to William. He took to carrying torture implements with him when he went out as a highwayman, the more to amuse himself with his victims.

He also took to bigger and better enterprises, such as robbing counting houses, the old English equivalent of a modern bank.

Murder began to interest him as a hobby, so often he would kill those he had robbed. Sometimes he would strip men or women victims and leave them to be picked up naked by the next people to traverse the highway.

He became a "crackpot" robber, always trying to do the unusual in order to satisfy his lust for new things. Sometimes he would be extremely civil to women, enjoying the shock it gave them to receive good treatment at his hands.

At one time he developed a tremendous dislike for a money lender he robbed. Instead of killing him outright, though, he let him go.

Then began a chilling game of cat and mouse. The money lender was robbed by William time and time again, even though he finally

had himself surrounded by a small army of paid guards.

Before the money lending victim went broke and died, he had been robbed more than ten times by Navison!

VARIOUS rapes, robberies and murders finally, in their own turn, became boring to William.

He was a rich man in the year 1661, and it was then that he decided to play the part of a wealthy business man who had made his mark on the world, and return to his home to settle down.

Actually, he thought that a quiet, hard working town would be amusing to him after his fling at the big city.

Upon his return, his father and mother were overjoyed that their one and only son had prospered so. They showed him off to their friends once more, and he became quite a pillar of society.

The temporarily ex-bandit, always a would-be humorist, went to church assiduously and donated great sums to good charities of the community. Then he thought up a corker of a joke.

At a Sunday church session, he suggested a new church be built. Generously, he offered to put up one third of the cash necessary if the rest of the congregation could get together the other two thirds.

Everyone thought this was a top-ping good idea, and the town buzzed with excitement as collections were taken through the following week.

On Friday, the two-thirds addition to the sum Willie had put up had been collected. Saturday morning, the pious gentleman was nowhere to be found.

Upon closer examination, it was discovered that the money for the church, William's one-third and the two-thirds, was also missing. Where the black-hearted youth spent that huge sum of money was never found out either.

Hitting the road after a lapse of a few months, Willie's name became famous as top brigand of the country. He even charged tariffs to cross territories, taking a certain toll from drivers and travelers who went back and forth regularly.

THE bandit's love of women is what led to his becoming a ghost. He tarried too long with a young victim in a grove of trees at one time, and while thus engaged, a posse of irate policemen caught him.

Willie was first thrown in chains and secondly thrown into Leicester prison.

Prison life didn't agree with him, so he sat down and devised what seemed to be a clever way out. At the time of his capture and imprisonment, there was a plague in Leicester prison and convicts were dying by the dozen. Every day there were new corpses to be carried from the gates of the jail and buried far away from the city. Willie decided to get out as a corpse.

Faking all of the symptoms of everything from pneumonia to Saint Vitus dance, he finally obtained permission to have a doctor visit him. When the man of medicine arrived, Willie told him of huge sums of money he had waiting for him on the outside. The doctor could count on a big share of the loot if he would help William escape.

The doctor was more than cooperative. He said that he had a drug which would bring on a simulated state of death.

Willie would look and feel dead, but he would be in a preserved state. The good doctor went on to say that he loved to experiment and would let Navison be the first to try the medicine.


For the first time in his life, Navison showed some doubt as to what course he should take. He didn't like being a guinea pig. But the doctor finally convinced him that he would be all right.

They arranged to have Willie "die" on the spot. The next morning, the doctor would bribe certain workers, whose job it was to carry the corpses away from Leicester, to deliver Willie's body to him instead.

William was forthwith "killed," and the doctor went home to await developments. Nothing happened the next morning or the morning after, or all week!

The body carriers had gotten cold feet at the time they took away Willie's "corpse." Poor Willie had been buried in a huge pit along with hundreds of other dead prisoners, and was now some twenty feet under the ground!

News of his death spread rapidly. All of England rejoiced and nasty poems about the scoundrel were



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written. Thank heaven William Navison was dead!

BUT he was dead?

A weird series of events began to take place. An eerie, luminescent phantom started to strike at highway travelers during the witching-hour.

The ghost robbed and murdered without mercy, and in the William Navison tradition, it had a morbid sense of humor and high pitched laughter. The specter rode a great black charger and he wore a long, white, flowing robe.

Reports had it that he had a faint, greenish, some said bluish, cast about his face and hands. Every victim swore that the great horse and its nocturnal rider made absolutely no noise, even at a gallop.

Terrified victims added that the unearthly bandit would appear and disappear in thin air. And, most incredible, many who saw the apparition swore that the features of the ghost were unquestionably those of the dead William Navison!

The ghost built up such a fearful reputation that he didn't even need a weapon for his robberies. As soon as he appeared, whirling soundlessly out of the darkness, coaches stopped, riders stopped, and whole groups of mounted, armed men stopped, turning over every penny they had without a word.

1665 was the worst year of the ghost's atrocities. During those twelve months, more than thirty men died at the hands of the ghost, and countless old and weak victims died of heart attacks at seeing him.

Brave men, interested in the reward posted by dubious authorities, armed themselves at the teeth and went after him. Crack shots reportedly fired at him at point blank range without harming him. He could overcome three men with his fiercely strong hands alone!

Then suddenly the ghost vanished as mysteriously as he had appeared. Estimates have it that the weird monster roamed the English highways at night for around two years. During that time he was invincible. Then, like a wreath of smoke, he was gone!

DURING the months to come, every poor wretch who looked the least bit like William Navison was carted off to jail. Some of them died in jail, because the authorities were frightened out of their dim wits and didn't want to chance that any prisoner might actually be Willie who would erringly be set free to plunder again.

Just as flying saucers of today have the entire world confused, so did Willie and his ghost have all seventeenth century England bewildered.

Did Willie come back as a ghost? Was he really not dead and playing one last trick? Was someone else impersonating him after his death?

In Leicester especially, they were convinced that Navison's ghost had come back to roam the highways. Countless men had seen him carried away by the corpse bearers.

Countless others had seen him thrown in the deep pit where the diseased men were buried. And nothing but a ghost could have es-

caped from that great mound of bodies and earth!

Usually, one can say that time will tell, when there is not another suitable explanation.

William Navison can chuckle one last time now, for time will not tell where and how he died, or if he were his own ghost.

Willie was a clever rogue from birth to the grave, and when or how he died, or if he were really his own ghost, can only be answered by him. He not only took his secret to the grave, he kept his grave a secret, too!

THE END

Peculiar Effect of the H-Bomb on Sunspots

(Continued from page 15)

these solar convulsions that scientists claim all too often helps shape the destinies of man.

Until the recent H-bomb explosions, astronomers viewed the sun as an overwhelming, irresistible force, the major source of energy in the solar system.

With the advent of the hydrogen bomb, it has become apparent to the men of science that the sun is also extremely sensitive and highly reactive!

Although the study of sunspots began with Galileo, it was not until the latter part of the 19th century that a theory was advanced showing a direct relationship between any sunspots cycle and man's affairs.

Claiming that the "business cycle of boom-and-bust economics" long tied up with the recurrence of sunspots, Dr. Jevons, the British economist, stated that in years of high sun spot frequency trees grew more rapidly and sheep and fur-bearing animals developed more luxuriant coats.

It was a Soviet scientist who first used sunspots as a basis of long-range political forecasting. In the early 1920's, Professor A. Tchijevsky took up the question where Jevons had dropped it and suggested that this periodic stepping-up of solar radiation would also affect human psychology.

Out of the professor's first study in 1922 came the prediction that the stock markets of the world would crash in 1929.

Other prophecies, equally as accurate, followed. Finally, forgetting where he was, Tchijevsky claimed that political behavior, wars, strikes and revolutions were products of

sunspots. Since this was in conflict with the principles laid down by Karl Marx, the professor was silenced and banished to Siberia.

SIR James Jeans, the British astronomer, and others since then have discovered that there are at least two cycles of sunspots, one a short one of about eleven years and one longer of about 23 years or approximately the length of a human generation. There are believed to be other sunspot "rhythms" yet to be charted.

Waves of power-charged, event-producing sunspot radiations were observed in great number in 1906, 1917, 1928, 1939 and 1950, years that can be immediately bracketed in the mind with world-shaking happenings, such as wars, depressions and financial crashes.

The sunspot frequency and prosperity of 1884, for instance, was followed by the depression of 1885. The next maximum in the solar cycle in 1892 and 1895 was reflected in the huge financial slack off of 1893 and 1896. Sunspots again dominated world markets in 1906 and a panic crippled the money marts a year later.

Not only astronomers but economists see a connection between sunspots and what they call economic periodicity. Every 23 years they have come to expect the regularly recurring onslaught of sunspots to touch off unstable conditions leading to business dislocation or worse.

RECENTLY, Dr. A. Ballot, the famous French astronomer, conducted research in Chamonix in connection with the pioneering

work of two French physicians, Drs. Sardou and Faure. In 268 days of observation, the two medical men established that 21 of 26 sunspot manifestations in that period could be linked with the worsening of symptoms in the ailing.

In Angers, France, investigations carried on in the local hospital have shown that during a period in 1952 when there was increased electricity in the air due apparently to sunspots, 15 patients died of hemorrhages.

Professor B. Aysos of the University of Ankara, Turkey, who followed the experiments, also warned of another effect of sunspots.

He pointed out that during the solar explosions it might not be surprising to observe an upswipe in air and highway disasters, due presumably to mechanical failure resulting from atmospheric disturbances. Investigators may yet find the answer to recent mystifying air crashes by pursuing this line of reasoning.

It is almost impossible for the average man to see any connection between the outbreak of spots on

the sun and the happenings that make up his workday life. Yet, on occasion, sudden, dramatic freak atmospheric conditions drive home to him that he is subject to the "whim" of the sun.

ON March 25, 1940, for example, practically all communication by radio, telegraph and telephone was interrupted or halted by electrical phenomena attributed to sunspots. Europe was isolated from the United States in a total blackout.

Never before in the history of radio had there been such widespread disruption of service. Telephone officials said there had not been a magnetic storm comparable to it since 1907. Yet, because of science's knowledge of sunspots and their effects, the event could have been predicted.

Father Lynch of Fordham University, an international authority in the field, said the storm could have been foreseen by a scientific observer of sunspots. There were three spots upon the sun, each powerful enough to rain electrical particles upon the earth.

Magnetic disturbances struck on February 28. A short while later the Buhl Planetarium in Pittsburgh warned of further magnetic trouble in March.

On March 25, radio communication with Europe and South America crackled into gibberish as sunspots wreaked havoc with the systems.

All this gives us something to think about. We are always talking about the "impact of science on society," meaning the need of adaptation to such inventions as the steam engine, motors, movies and television. What about these sunspots and the way they upset our communications, for example?

Breathtaking as it may seem, the dawn of the atomic age casts a light into the future where Man will master not only the Earth but will also exert a controlling force over the universe.

The reasons are already apparent. If scientists discover how to control the sunspots, they will thereby learn the secret of the sun's mastery over the Earth.

THE END

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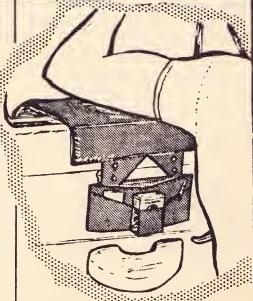
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ATTACKED BY A RUSSIAN MIG

(Continued from page 25)

to yell back feebly and then crawled out slowly on his hands and knees. The crew had already bailed out. The bomber screamed and shook violently as it headed for the sea.

In a matter of seconds, it'd plunge into the ocean. There was no time to waste. He dove through the nose wheel hatch and yanked the ripcord.

The parachute jerked open, jolting Roche sharply. He smelled smoke nearby. Was his chute on fire?

Quickly, he looked up and breathed a sigh of relief when he saw his canopy was all right. Before he could look down again, he hit the sea. The chute collapsed down over him.

Kicking violently in the cold and choppy water, Roche worked loose from under the canopy and looked around to get his bearings. He was about 75 feet from the wreckage of the plane. It was a mass of flame, and he was drifting right toward it! He had to get out of there—fast!

THE shivering pilot shook loose from the parachute and started swimming away from the flames. Pieces of equipment and debris from the B-50 drifted past him.

Every stroke he made was torture to his bruised body, and the salt water made his cuts sting like fire. He struggled as far as he could before stopping to rest. Gasping for breath, he checked his Mae West.

Roche groaned in dismay as he ran his fingers over a deep slash in the leather covering of the life jacket. It must've been torn when he crashed into the instrument panel.

Quickly, he popped the release and fervently hoped that the bladder hadn't been cut, too. The jacket hissed open.

He waited tensely, half expecting it to collapse immediately. It didn't.

With a sigh of relief, Roche checked the rest of his equipment. The signal light had been ripped off the Mae West, but he found two M-75 star flares in the pocket. They might come in handy.

Roche tried to keep calm and figure out what to do next. He was

more familiar with emergency gear and survival methods than most pilots because he'd formerly been an instructor in ocean survival.

Only last summer, he and his crew had given a demonstration in crash procedures for Lieutenant General Joseph Atkinson of the Alaskan Command. There was a big difference now, though.

This was for real!

Dog-paddling through the choppy water, Roche looked around for something he could use for a raft. He spotted a mattress about 20 feet away.

Fighting the wave of nausea he reached that bobbing mattress and pulled it over.

It was no good.

SUDDENLY he heard a shout from off to his left. It was someone else from the plane! Mustering what strength he had left, he headed toward the feeble voice.

After what seemed like hours of struggling through the rough sea, Roche spotted a bobbing figure up ahead. He shouted and swam closer. It was O'Kelly!

The plane's captain was in bad shape. He was weak from exposure and bleeding about the face, but he managed to shoot Roche a feeble grin. The two men, too weak and tired to talk, huddled together silently in the water.

It was twilight when Roche suddenly snapped back to his senses. He'd heard something that sounded like the steady hum of an airplane. He listened again and then shouted at O'Kelly.

It was a plane!

Quickly, he pulled one of the waterproof flares from his pocket and fired it. It blazed brightly above the two struggling men.

"The dye!" Roche shouted at O'Kelly. "Get the dye out of your Mae West pocket!"

O'Kelly understood, and the two men started spreading the marker dye in the water. Roche backed away from the other pilot, trying to cover a large area of water with the coloring. The two men drifted apart.

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UP in the SB-29 of the 37th Air Rescue Squadron, a sharp-eyed crew member spotted the flare and dye markings on the sea. Quickly, the plane banked and headed for the spot.

"They see us!" Roche shouted as he watched the plane approach. O'Kelly didn't answer. Roche glanced around, but his buddy was out of sight. The approaching darkness and rough sea made visibility almost zero. There was no sign of O'Kelly.

The rescue plane swooped down low over the ocean. An A-3 lifeboat hurtled from its open bomb-bay doors and landed about 75 yards upwind from Roche.

Desperately, he swam for it. He kept looking for O'Kelly as he went, but the plane's captain had disappeared from sight.

Roche never saw him again.

Clutching the boat's wet side, the exhausted pilot struggled to get aboard. The heavy sea made it tough. The high, rolling waves kept splashing him in the face, keeping him off balance.

Coughing and spitting sea water, he finally got his belly over the side. Then, painfully, he hooked a leg over and, with one final desperate lunge, he rolled aboard.

Roche lay in the bottom of the boat, breathing hard. His arms and legs were cramped, and nausea swept over him. He got sick and vomited blood. Then he passed out.

When he came to, he looked around anxiously. The sky wasn't completely dark yet, so he knew he'd been out only a short time. Quickly, he tried to start the lifeboat's engine.

It turned over, coughed twice, and then died. He tried again. The battery was dead. It was no use. He was too weak to try and start it manually.

Roche checked the parachute that had been used to drop the boat and made sure it was trailing over the stern and acting as a sea anchor.

The wind was from the southwest and, despite the drag of the parachute, the boat was drifting rapidly. Roche got a chill along his spine as he realized he was heading right for the Russian coast.

His only hope was that the rescue plane, which was still circling overhead in the darkness, would get help to him fast.

He groped among the equipment and found an URC-4 radio wrapped between blankets and underwear. Quickly, he got it out and set it up.

"May Day! May Day!" he shouted into it. "Do you hear me?"

HE waited anxiously for the plane to answer. There was nothing but silence. He tried again. Still no luck. He flicked the switch to "Tone" and set the radio on the deck.

He hoped that the set was sending, even though he was getting no reception. If it was, the steady tone signal would serve as a direction finder for the rescue party.

Shivering from the damp night air, Roche wrapped himself in blankets and painfully sprawled out in the bottom of the boat. The night dragged by slowly.

He dozed on and off. Sleep came hard because he hurt all over, and he had repeated spells of vomiting. Finally, he crawled up to the boat's bow where he could sit up and watch for some sign of rescuers.

It was nearly dawn when he thought he spotted two clear lights on the horizon. He rubbed his eyes and then looked again. They were still there—about 10 miles away, he guessed.

Quickly, he scrambled back in the boat and found the Very Pistol. He grabbed it, loaded a flare and pointed it skyward. Then he hesitated.

What if it was a Russian boat? It was a 50-50 chance. Roche took it.

The flare blazed brightly against the cloudy sky. In a few minutes, a bright green light appeared to the left of the two approaching lights. Roche fired some more. The boat drew nearer.

Roche hunched tensely in the lifeboat, anxiously eyeing the dark shape that loomed ahead of him. The eastern sky was just beginning to brighten, and he could barely make out the outline of the ship.

"Whatsa matter fellow, need some help?" a voice shouted from out of the launch as it pulled alongside. A searchlight snapped on. Roche managed a feeble grin. Then he collapsed.

The unconscious pilot was taken aboard the USS Picking, one of the destroyers that had been crisscrossing the area during the search for the downed B-50. Bruised and bleeding, he was given first aid and transferred back to his air base in Japan.

As for the rugged Roche, he was flying again within a week after being shot down and going through his ordeal at sea.

Some guys can really take it!

THE END

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Continued from page 71

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MODERN MIDAS WITH CARDS

(Continued from page 41)

rigorous stuff. He became an instructor, not a student. His attention was devoted to giving other students practical courses in the mathematics and subterfuges of that noble American game—poker.

Only because of his native ability, the budding card genius finally did receive his degree in engineering. He returned to Athens and shortly discovered he had tuberculosis.

At the Davos Sanitarium in Switzerland, where his father shipped him, Nicky once again had plenty of time to cultivate the subtleties of poker.

An engineering education had given him a sound grounding in mathematics. This, he long had realized, was basic for success at cards. He made the most of it—to the consternation of the other patients.

When Nicky was discharged from the sanitarium, he decided Paris was his dish. There, in 1917, he met the man who put him in big time—Elie Hello, a Greek who had become a French citizen, rich and influential.

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Hello had learned of Nick's power over cards and proposed a partnership. Nick accompanied the distinguished member of the Allied commission to Athens.

With the modest capital Hello provided, a club for baccarat was opened there on Homere Street. In less than six months the junior member of the partnership had realized a profit of \$200,000.

Then Nick met Yola, a niece of his partner. She was beautiful, talented and unhappy. She was also married. A divorce was arranged and Nicky married Yola, whom he called his Lucky Star from then on.

He kept her handy whenever he gambled. Yes, this Nick The Greek was as superstitious as any professional gambler. Instead of a coin or similar talisman, he had a beautiful and warm-blooded woman as his good luck charm.

AFTER the end of the first World War in 1919, Zographos returned to Paris. For a time he set himself up as a bookmaker at the races. Astute mathematician that he was, he devised a "system" which was said to have given him a profit of 12 per cent of all the business he booked.

Cards, however, were his passion. With his former partner, Hello, he formed the Greek gambling syndicate which soon gained international fame.

In 1922 the Greek syndicate collided with an Italian syndicate in a life-and-death struggle for the casinos of the French and Italian Riviera. Steely-eyed little Nick was in command of the Greek forces.

This battle of the Titans continued for seven long years—1922 to 1929. What began as a light skirmish became an all-out gambling war on a scale never duplicated before or since.

Nicky finally took the Italians to the tune of thirteen million dollars. The end was even more tragic than loss of half a dozen fortunes. Of five of the principals in the defeated syndicate, two died at the gaming tables from strain and excitement. The other three committed suicide.

There were casualties on the winning side also. One of the members of the Greek syndicate was Athanase Vagliano. He emerged from the conflict with his health destroyed and his mind unhinged. He was confined in a sanitarium.

Hello and the remaining members of the Greek syndicate decided they had had enough and sold out to Nicky.

From then on Nick Zographos was the Greek syndicate—with the help of relatives and gamblers he hired and trained. The syndicate had a hand in every baccarat game in every casino of importance on the Continent.

Until his retirement from active play in 1933, with \$25,000,000 under his belt, Nick spent the winters on the Riviera. In summer he went to Deauville on the English Channel.

GAMBLING was Nicky's business, he was as regular in his habits as the most orthodox banker. At

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PATIENTS—There will be new victims in 1954. They and 66,000 patients from past years will need help from the National Foundation.

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DON'T mix with new groups
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VACCINE—A safe and promising vaccine is being tested now. But results will not be known until 1955.

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

HOW THE ROOSEVELTS TURNED THE WHITE HOUSE INTO A GOLD HOUSE

(Continued from page 27)

the executive mansion in the nation's capital.

Three members of Roosevelt's family—his wife, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, his daughter Anna and his son Elliott—had earning capacities of exactly zero when FDR was inaugurated on March 4, 1933. A fourth member of the family, Jimmy, the eldest boy, had already started to make his father's prestige pay off when the latter was governor of New York.

Let's see how to turn the White House into a Gold House. Not that there's the slightest chance of either you or I ever having the opportunity. After all, only five of the 40,000,000 families in America could ever get a crack at the scheme in any generation and who ever heard of betting at 8,000,000 to 1?

So relax and let's see how the Roosevelts worked it.

THE T-men place Eleanor Roosevelt's income in the period of 1933-1945 at about \$1,000,000, most of which she says she passed on to charity or to humanitarian projects in which she was interested. It is reported that Mrs. Roosevelt garnered another \$500,000 after her husband's death, continuing her newspaper column for some years, writing for a woman's magazine, lecturing and doing a lucrative radio show with daughter Anna.

Elliott, according to the Washington investigation, pulled in nearly \$1,500,000 in loans, commissions and salaries.

Jimmy, the alleged 12-adultery man, whose finances are being probed by his estranged wife, Romelle, picked up \$500,000 "extra" in the 12 years his dad occupied the White House while, it is estimated, he made anywhere from \$250,000 to \$2,000,000 yearly from his Boston insurance firm.

Anna, who wrote a column for a national magazine and dabbled in the newspaper business, made an estimated \$1,000,000—and lost most of it—during the bonanza years of her father's presidency.

The magic of the Roosevelt name and an almost-identical voice carried Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., into Congress and could still put him

into the governorship of New York. But that's another story. Now we are concerned with how Mrs. Roosevelt, two sons and a daughter showed and reaped a bumper crop of the green folding stuff.

It is a debatable question whether Jimmy or Elliott Roosevelt had the more spectacular money-picking career of the family. But inasmuch as Elliott has practically faded from the scene while Jimmy's life and loves are being aired in the California courts, let's first take a look at the eldest son's affairs.

Jimmy is now 46 years old, bespectacled and balding. In 1930, when he was 21, going on 22, the elder son of Franklin D. and Eleanor Roosevelt quit trying to graduate from Harvard, although he'd put in the standard four years.

At that time, Papa was Governor of New York. The political experts were already picking him as the Democratic nominee for President of the United States in 1932.

Somehow, in a manner which has never been thoroughly explained, Jimmy became a close companion of a man named Victor de Gerard, an instructor in the Russian language and literature at Harvard. De Gerard put Jimmy into the insurance business, even while he was still an undergraduate at the university. The Russian teacher paid him \$25 a week to peddle policies. Jimmy was married to his first wife, the beautiful Betsy Cushing of Boston society, and he said he needed the dough to make both ends meet.

After a surprising few months spent mastering the insurance game, Jimmy Roosevelt quit his classes to become vice president of the Southern Corp. at \$15,000 a year—hardly a meager salary for a 22-year-old youth.

SHORTLY thereafter, hard upon the heels of his father's taking the oath of office as 32nd President of the United States, Jimmy threw up the Southern Corporation's \$15,000 a year to found his own insurance organization in Boston—Roosevelt & Sargent.

The new organization became fabulously successful—and in astonishingly short order. One of the

looked forward eagerly to being reunited with their mother and their stepfather who promised to drive the 250 miles without a halt.

Arriving tearful and exhausted in White Plains, Rita discovered that Children's Judge George W. Smyth had hailed Mrs. Chambers into court and had put the kids under his protection.

Rita, no matter what her differences had been with the girls' fathers, found that Prince Aly Khan and Orson Welles were ready to stand by her. That was one ray of sunshine in the tragedy heaped on her by Mr. X.

Prince Aly flew to White Plains from Hollywood.

"Rita is a fine mother," he said.

Welles phoned his New York lawyer from Spain where he was making a picture.

"I'll stand by Rita," said the actor-director. "She is devoted to her children."

Reporters never were allowed to see the complaint in regard to the little girls. Apparently one portion alleged Mrs. Chambers had once chased Rebecca around her back yard with a broom. Another part asked why the 9-year-old Welles child was not in school like other kids.

Judge Smyth, confronted with the solid defense of Rita, Dick and his two predecessors, returned the girls to Rita. But he declined to dismiss charges of neglect and mistreatment and he put Yasmin, a genuine Moslem princess, under the jurisdiction of the Children's Court for three months, forbidding Rita to take her out of New York State during that time.

OBSERVERS pointed out that, were Haymes obliged to leave the U.S. during that period, Rita would face a new and cruel choice: Either she would accompany the crooner and leave Yasmin behind or she would stay with the child and permit her heartbroken husband to depart alone into exile.

Some time later, Rita and Dick announced they'd go abroad as soon as their troubles were ironed out. They'd make movies in Italy under the direction of Roberto Rossellini, whose marriage to Ingrid Bergman had, at first, been tinged with tragedy before happiness came.

Immediately came an announcement from Hollywood, Rita was forbidden to make pictures abroad under the terms of her contract with the Beckworth Corporation—despite the fact that Rita is a large stockholder in the organization.

The announcement said officers

of the company would sue Rita "and her contract on that score is easily enforceable."

How do the couple react?

"I love this woman very much," Dick said. "All I want from Rita is love and inspiration."

"At last I've found the man I adore," said Rita. "I'll stick by Dick through everything."

Maybe, said Hollywood, adversity is what the Haymes needed to really find love and devotion.

But, say the movie people, how long can they take the series of tragic events that the mysterious Mr. X, "the implacable enemy," has put in their path?

Sooner or later, declare the friends of Dick and Rita, there will have to be a showdown with Mr. X.

"When it comes," said a close friend of the couple, "the revelations will rock two continents."

THE END

MAIL ORDER FOR WITCH DOCTORS

(Continued from page 39)

Next comes lion fat, followed by the oils of crocodile, lizard, python and elephant. A fast-selling line is a mixed "lucky fat," containing hippo and lion fat with a lucky bean in the middle, which is in great demand by native gamblers who burn it before placing a bet.

Another popular line is a mixed fat containing phosphorus, which is used as a face paint to produce an impressive appearance on dark nights when the witch doctor wants to stage a special performance.

Much in demand for straight medical use is porcupine fat—which is used as an infallible cure for earache.

AMONG many other working materials the witch doctor can now get from his mail-order list are pieces of animal bone and skin. A wristlet of python skin is a well-known cure for nightmares, but another medicine for this complaint is a piece of elephant skin, which must be grated, burnt and smelled.

The bones of the mamba, Africa's deadliest snake, are ground up and swallowed in water as a cure for backache, while a solution of water and cuttlefish bone is supposed to give you sparkling eyes.

Basuto women complete their toilet by rubbing themselves until they glisten with lion fat. They

A WICKED EYEFUL!



That's what confronted this lucky male! "He forgot that he was a porter and had only one eye... He availed himself of those rights which his calling gave him to act like a brute. Brutal he was accordingly—and happy!"... Thus begins a gay evening session of **THE PLEASURE PRIMER**. Thousands are now enjoying **Rolling Bedside Fun**, and you will too, when you possess this ideal bedside companion. Here's entertainment for open minds and ticklish spines. Here's lusty, merry recreation for unsqueamish men and women. Here's life with apologies to none. Collected, selected from the best there is, this zesty **Primer** is an eye-opener... **YOU ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE THE PLEASURE PRIMER 10 DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE. IT IS GUARANTEED TO PLEASE OR YOUR PURCHASE PRICE WILL BE REFUNDED AT ONCE!**



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don't rub the lion fat into their skins with their fingers, but with a large bean about four inches long. This bean is on the mail-order list.

"Crocodile tears" are another kind of wild bean used by young men to inform the world how many wives they are supporting at the time. The beans are worn on a string round the young man's neck—one bean for each wife.

Another commodity in great demand is elephant's heart. It's not easy to kill an elephant in South Africa these days, and since the witch-doctor can perform "miracles" with elephant heart, the shortage is keenly felt.

With this elixir, the witch-doctor claims to give his client the strength, intelligence, virility and long life of an elephant.

In Johannesburg today an elephant's heart would be worth its weight in gold. The supply position is so bad, there isn't even a black market.

The quills of the porcupine and hedgehog are steady sellers. Many tribes of natives stick a fringe of hedgehog quills in their heads before going into battle.

Age-old inter-tribal feuds have been transferred to the mine compounds of Johannesburg, where at the week-end there is often a full-scale battle between hundreds of natives armed with clubs.

Porcupine quills are also used for tattooing. The native has learned a thing or two in the city, and the modern method of tattooing is to fill a porcupine quill with mustard with which to etch the desired design.

Nearly all natives in South Africa bear some small tribal insignia, usually a small design consisting of a few dots, circles and squares.

THIS transfer to the cities of the arts of the native witch doctor is having two results for the white man. Many are falling for the witch-doctor's charms.

I was in one store which sells native remedies when an English woman came in and asked for two bottles of snake fat. She told me that snake fat had turned out to be a certain cure for her husband's hangovers when rubbed on the forehead.

Second result is that many native herbal remedies are being tested out scientifically for the first time. They are being analyzed, and the active ingredients are isolated for use in Western medicine.

Ninety per cent of native magic and medicine are pure mumbo-jumbo, however. There was a good example recently in Southern Rhodesia, where a European had become a "native" witch-doctor and was convicted under the Witchcraft Suppression Act.

A native woman had gone to him for medicine to bring her luck in gambling. She was given medicine to drink, medicine to rub into her hands and on to her face while gambling, certain roots to hold under her tongue while placing money, which had first to be held in the smoke of burning lion fat.

Finally she had to wear a string of lucky beans and a piece of fish skin round her arm. In spite of all these sure-fire precautions, she lost her money—and her temper—and went to the police. The witch-doctor got three years.

The mingling of magic and medicine is deep-rooted in the African's mind. The native does not easily relate hygiene to health and he regards serious sickness as a magical matter, usually the result of an enemy directing a powerful "muti" or evil eye on to him. The only answer to this is an even more powerful "muti" which the local witch-doctor is happy to supply, at his price.

In the native mind one of the best ways to remain well and prosperous is to keep one's ancestors happy. Even a baby's crying is regarded as a sign of distress, not in the baby, but in the baby's dead grandfather who is pinching the baby to draw attention to the way he himself is being neglected.

An even grimmer result of native witchcraft and medicine is that many human beings are murdered for ritual purposes, often merely to get certain portions of their bodies for magical uses.

A recent raid on a village in the heavily-populated Luapula Valley in Northern Rhodesia revealed that the natives were using a secret witchcraft creed which involved the mixing of human blood with the seed to promote a plentiful harvest. Six boys had been strangled and their blood drawn from their bodies by means of leeches.

At his trial the village witch-doctor protested that this was the first time the European administrators had kicked up a fuss about his prescriptions. He had been recommending the same procedure for thirty years and the villagers had been practicing it regularly.

THE END

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CASE NO. 2. Normal boy, history of BED-WETTING since infancy. Child had no organic defect. Various cures failed. Put on DRY-TABS formula regime. After a month, habit suddenly stopped.



CASE NO. 3. Male, aged 23 years. BED-WETTING since birth. Many forms of treatment failed. Unable to accept invitation to sleep out over-night. Recently married, and embarrassed by habit. After formula taken, wet bed the first two nights but never since that time.



CASE NO. 4. Girl, aged 6 years. Wet bed since infancy. Nervous, irritable. DRY-TABS formula administered for regular period. BED-WETTING stopped almost immediately. Slight relapse. Formula administered again. Child responded immediately one more, and history reveals no further relapse.



CASE NO. 5. Man, 42 years old, wet "heavily." Medication started. Wet during second week and continued to wet when medication was withdrawn for following week. Restarted after rest period, and after a few days normal seemed to retain control of bladder function.



CASE NO. 6. Woman, 76 years old. DRY-TABS formula administered for 6 days. Improvement, upon withdrawal of medication, improvement remained. Continued gradual return of control. One year without formula and control is adequate.



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INTERNATIONAL PLAYBOYS

(Continued from page 13)

"That, too, is significant," says Professor Bacsay. "The record here shows that Troubetzkoy was obviously intent on making people convinced of his manliness. Cycling is a strenuous sport and one which is greatly favored in France.

"However, it is a fact that Monsieur Troubetzkoy carried it to extremes that can only be explained by the need to create an illusion as to his real nature. From his youth, he subjected himself to a severe regimen of training, going to bed at nine o'clock and getting up in the middle of the night for workouts when the roads were clear.

"I do not think there is a psychiatrist who will dispute my diagnosis when I say that there is something radically wrong emotionally with a man who will get up in the middle of the night to go bicycling. Such a man is a showoff, one who is desperately attempting to prove virility to himself and the world in general."

In any event, Barbara's fourth marriage lasted about three years. Then she blasted him publicly as a gold digger in pants.

"I suppose I should give Igor all of Grandpa's money, just because I married him," Barbara told reporters, referring to her grandfather, Frank W. Woolworth, who left her \$42,000,000 of his five and ten cent store fortune.

"It was my fault for being such a fool, for thinking everyone was nice," Barbara said. "I know I was wrong in marrying him, but I didn't know then I always make the mistake of believing people are like they appear to be—of believing they are nice."

She asked, "What can one expect from life? It's cruel and there is very little romantic love left."

Babs refused to explain but her friends said she had gotten no "romantic love" from Troubetzkoy who spent his spare time either with his numerous buddies or riding his little red bicycle at 2 A.M. through the deserted streets of Paris.

RUBIOSA was Barbara's fifth husband. Her friends say that she was under the influence of alcohol or sedatives when she married him. The liaison lasted only a few weeks.

Dusky Rubi, who was born a peasant in the Dominican Republic and who climbed to ambassadorial rank with the help of Flor Trujillo, the daughter of the country's dictator, is wanted by the Spanish police on charges of having swiped \$157,000 in jewelry during the Spanish civil war. His brother, Cesare, is currently in a Greek jail on a smuggling rap.

The thick-lipped Rubirosa once told a reporter that the secret of his success with women is that "I count that day lost when I haven't made love to them at least four times."

Rubi did not give his definition of "making love" to the newspaperman but French film actress Danielle Darrieux, his second wife, laughingly says, "he must mean a kiss on the cheek."

Professor Bacsay says that Rubirosa is "a typical Don Juan type, a sexually-frustrated man who feels the continual need to impress other people with his virility and his conquests of women—an obvious cover-up for a serious personality deficiency."

In the course of his "Don Juan career" Rubirosa has succeeded in trapping four women—Senorita Trujillo, Mademoiselle Darrieux, Doris Duke, the world's richest woman, and Barbara Hutton.

In addition, the 46-year-old Casanova has been caught in several ladies' boudoirs by their husbands. He was named as the lover of the blonde and beautiful American, Joanne Connelley, by her British husband, Robert Sweeny. Tobacco king R. J. Reynolds named the swarthy diplomat as the paramour of his wife, Marianne O'Brien Reynolds.

"Of course, it is impossible to prevent such people from preying on rich women," Professor Bacsay sums up. "But there should be more education for the young, both rich and poor, in the facts of life. They should be taught the differences between decent, real men and these international playboys who are on the prowl. Fortunately, these wolves are shunned by respectable men and women and can only live on the fringes of honest society.

"Unfortunately," asserts Professor Bacsay, "some people accept the careers of these fortune hunters as glamorous and desirable. If only the truth about their slimy lives were known, the world would be made a more wholesome place.

THE END



"Men are all alike, thank goodness!"



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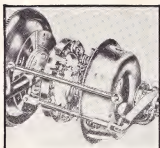
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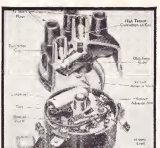
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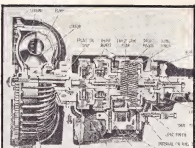
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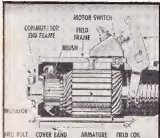


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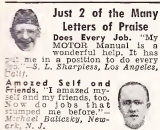
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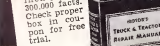
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